

THE LIFE OF DR. MARTHA A. SHELDON

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LIFE OF
Dr. Martha A. Sheldon

MISSIONARY
TO
BHOT, INDIA



BY
MISS EVA C. M. BROWNE

In the fall of 1896, Miss Eva C. M. Browne, a young English woman of India, was appointed as Dr. Sheldon's co-worker. Her help in the work and in their journeyings was greatly appreciated by Miss Sheldon.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Lois Parker of Hardoi, India, Miss Browne consented to compile this short life from Miss Sheldon's letters and journal.

For this faithful service the brothers and sisters of Dr. Sheldon hold the deepest gratitude.

Lordsburg, Calif., April, 1917.

This book may be had from the W. F. M. S. of the M. E. Church.

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CHAPTER I.

In the following pages, in the quotations from her letters and diaries, Dr. Sheldon will, as far as possible, tell her own story. The entries in the latter are very meager, but as good use as possible will be made of them.

Her father was a much respected minister in the Congregational Church. The family was a large one and he had not the means to wholly meet the expenses of his daughter through college. She was ambitious and of an undaunted spirit and, with the help her father was able to provide and the money earned in canvassing for a temperance society during her vacations, she worked her way through college and took the degree of B. A. in the State University of Minnesota.

Many promising careers were open to her, but she had ever been dominated with the desire to serve others and decided to become a missionary. With this end in view she took a course in medicine in the Boston University, teaching and nursing at the same time, in order to pay her way. On obtaining the degree of M. D. she offered herself as a candidate and was accepted by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Her diaries begin as she was preparing to leave

the United States. Frequently the entries reveal her heart-life and the discipline of which she had more than a common share.

"I have learned to spell disappointment with an H (His appointment)" shows her endeavor thus early to resign herself to His will.

After her acceptance by the Board, she made a rapid journey to California to bid her loved ones adieu. It was her first visit to this State as her family had moved there while she was working her way through college. The home where most of the children were born was Excelsior, on Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota.

She traveled west in a Tourist or Emigrant car and writes: "I am a little discouraged in my ideas of 2nd class accommodation.* * * A cup of coffee at N. Platte has braced me up to endure the smells of the 'Great Unwashed' who are traveling in my immediate vicinity. Blow gentle breezes, over this vast plain, under this blue sky and disinfect this little portion of humanity!"

She was filled with enthusiasm when she saw mountains for the first time. "I have seen The Rockies!"

She changed cars and though still traveling 2nd class, no smoking was allowed, and the passengers seemed tolerably clean. She says, "I am going to enjoy everything. At Canon City open cars were added, but I took up my position on the brakeman's chest, between two cars. We passed through the Grand Canyon of Arkansas River,

where we wound around the Rocky gorges on our narrow gauge railroad.

"At Salida the train was divided and two engines put on our division, in order to make the highest ascent of the Rockies on this line, namely, Marshall Pass. How we curved and repeated, every time rising higher and higher till finally the highest point was reached—the Continental Divide—over 10,000 feet. * * * In the cool moonlight air I coasted down the Rockies. Oh, it was an exhilarating ride! * * * Sometimes faster, sometimes slower, we swung about the curves, plunging through snowsheds and emerging in the full light of the moon. Still later came the trip thru Black Canyon following a branch of the Grand River, a mighty gorge, looking up which, the bright stars twinkled in the blue heavens. Then at 2 a. m. I was content to lie down on my bunk, my mind filled with the majesty of nature and the greatness of the Creator.

"I notice that in the trips I take I become very much interested in my fellow passengers, and I observed a man and his wife with a child and how carefully they watched over it. What to them were all the beauties of the Rockies in comparison with that little child? And so, I reflected, we should not allow ourselves to become depressed in the presence of most majestic inanimate nature. God is our Father and we only, of all creation, are created 'in His likeness,' and with a spark of His divine nature."

The evening of August 27, 1888, was spent at "Home, Pomona, Calif."

She says nothing of the happy days that followed. The reunion with her parents especially must have been a joyous one, though tinged with the sad thought that it was not to be for long. Her affection for her mother was of an unusually intense nature. It was the mother's custom to rise while it was still dark and, in her childhood, Mattie loved to be down in time to share her very early breakfast. If, by any chance, she overslept and the mother breakfasted alone, it seemed literally to break her heart. Her periods of homesickness at college were almost unbearable and she often related that, at such times, she longed to break an arm or a leg that it might become necessary for her to return home.

At Excelsior, his ministerial salary being small, and there being many mouths to fill, the father had found it necessary to add farming to eke out a living. He became a very successful farmer and the work in which each child had his or her share proved an excellent training school for the growing family. Mattie was never a lover of household work but enjoyed the more active pursuits in which her brothers engaged. She was encouraged by her father to lead an out-door life, having shown phthisical symptoms. She entered into her various duties in her whole-hearted way and her father often declared she saved him the wages of a hired man.

Early in the year the maple trees on their valu-

able land were tapped and a camp was established in the forest for this purpose. Mattie was the mistress of an unmanageable pair of colts, "Sue" and "Nig." It was her duty to take the barrels home on a sled. Once she met with a mishap and the barrels rolled off on to the road. She managed to replace them and did not mention the incident at home for fear she would not be entrusted with the task again.

Though a courageous child, she often trembled with fright when going through the thick, dark forest but even these fears she kept to herself, so proud was she of being of use and so fearful lest she should be thought incompetent.

She loved a farm life and was much fascinated with all she saw on the California ranches. She made some notes on the trees and the method of cultivation.

Oct. 18, 1888: "Today I left my dear father's and mother's to begin that long journey East."

She does not linger on the pleasures and joys of life among her loved ones but steadfastly sets her face towards the goal from which she never wavered.

Nov. 3, she writes: "The various duties and obligations which have been before me all summer are now being fulfilled. The last was the week in Cincinnati with the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I feel that that week is going to be a help and an inspiration to me in my future work." It was the

annual executive meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society."

"What of my impressions of the meeting? It was a meeting of consecration and is surrounded with hallowed memories. Especially was the communion season blessed. Bishops Joyce and Walden broke the bread to us. God seemed very near, nay, He was present in our hearts, with Christ. And not only was it a meeting filled with the divine love, but of human love for each other, warm, unselfish and wonderfully sweet. I imagine that all along the line there will be infinite compensation for the little sacrifices we can make."

She prayed for those who had so hospitably entertained her: "God bless the home we have left, and those who are now so widely separated from each other by the rushing train and the pressure of different calls, though assured 'Though sundered far, by faith we meet around one common mercy seat.' This evening I will be in Boston of precious memory, but everywhere I feel 'I'm but a stranger here.'"

* Nov. 17, 1888. *

"I must star this date, for here I am beginning my long voyage to India. A glorious morning adorns our departure, a bright warm sun, blue sky, and blue waters with white-crested waves."

The voyage was full of interest. In London much time was spent in sight-seeing. Dr. Sheldon had long been an omnivorous reader. The tree is still shown at Excelsior, Minn., in the branches

of which she built a retreat for herself, where she spent many hours alone with her favorite authors. Now she was to see with her own eyes places with which she had long been familiar in story. Very full notes were made of the various places of interest but only one or two will be quoted.

"Went to St. Paul's, the plan of which is that of a Roman cross (after St. Peters, Rome). I thought of my beloved Trinity Church in Boston, with Phillips Brooks and felt an ache in my heart; but God is everywhere, and where He is, we can find a home."

Nov. 29. We went again to Westminster Abbey to hear the Messiah which was to be rendered by the Royal Musicians of England, the first time it had been rendered in Westminster Abbey for 50 years. I shall never forget the feeling I had, as sitting there in that sacred corner, looking up the shadowy aisles; and to the right, where in the deep darkness, we knew were the entrances to the Royal chapels, where sleep now quietly the souls of those who in life were torn by ambition and passion; and I could imagine the great multitudes which filled the floor of Westminster Abbey, augmented by the hosts of the invisible, all listening with the same eagerness and the same need, to the story of Christ's coming, life and death."

"Unto us a child is born."

"He shall be called wonderful."

"He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

"All we like sheep have gone astray."

On a certain Sunday on board ship the preacher took as his text II. Cor. 2:18: "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory."

"A very practical sermon," was her comment. "My own heart longs to be sure that Christ does, indeed, dwell in it. I long to be conformed to His likeness. I also am much interested in the doctrine of Holiness. It has never seemed to me possible that in this world we could be freed from the bondage of sin and corruption, from my own selfishness and self-consciousness. Mark Guy Pearse says, "The Highway of Holiness is going hand in hand with Christ.

"We ourselves are all weakness, but with Him, all things are possible."

On Christmas Eve she wrote, "God bless all the home friends tonight, God bless and comfort them. I would they knew how happy I was."

A large party of missionaries was on the boat and Christmas was a day full of good cheer and she entered thoroughly into the spirit of it.

At the dinner she responded to the toast of the Medical Profession with such success that the big Scotch captain brought down his fist with the remark, "She is the cleverest woman I ever heard; I only wish I were 30 years younger!"

On the 26th we find this entry: "After the perfect Christmas day of yesterday, when the ocean and the ship seemed in perfect harmony and good cheer reigned in all our hearts: today comes

with a little natural reaction, we are all tired; but still a delightful day and pleasant and happy feelings prevail."

They were now in the Arabian Sea and she says, "I feel that I am on the last stretch, no more land till the shores of India appear, with a new life before me. I do enjoy the studies in the life of St. Paul. We are studying Romans now, and the fulness of a salvation through Christ seems wonderfully clear; a salvation from this body of sin, this bondage to sin and corruption."

Sunday, Dec. 30. "God seemed very near. This evening after the sermon upon Christ Our Salvation, during the singing of 'Whosoever Will,' all were asked to rise who could feel they had accepted Christ as far as they knew how. Our big, burly captain rose slowly with the rest. Our hearts have all been yearning for him. Several seamen and boys followed his example. O God, bless them all!"

She did not find much time to write her first impressions at Bombay. "Heart and mind are too full to write" is expressive of her feelings on entering this new country.

She met many missionaries and others on the way up to and at the Annual Conference at Bareilly. She "desires to become acquainted with all these workers; and O, I want my heart filled with the Master's spirit of love and self-sacrifice, not tainted with self. May God gird me for the new duties before me."

While waiting for her appointment she writes, "If God should direct my steps to Moradabad, I

should be thankful. I dread the thought of going at once into hospital and dispensary work. I want time to learn the language. I want to do missionary work; God help me."

Jan. 11, 1889. "I want to learn the language as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. I don't know my future but I am willing to trust."

Jan. 13. After witnessing the ordination of Deacons at the conference she prays, "Take my few talents, Lord Jesus, and make of them what Thou wilt."

Moradabad, as she desired, was her first appointment, still on Jan. 17, we find, "I am tired and homesick, but I know that 'everything is all right' and I will lean hard on God."

She entered at once into the thick of the work, and, Jan. 18, for one patient she prays, "Dear Lord, restore her and bless the means used."

She led a strenuous life and found little time for her diary. July 7, she apologizes, "Well, it has been a long time since I have written in you, little book. Discouraged? Yes, often, but I mean to keep pegging away. I pray the Lord that He may make me useful to Him in some way or other, and I want to be prepared to enter whatever open doors He may place before, and I long to live humbly before Him. Whatever He may send may I bear. I sometimes wonder if I may not be of use in translating, or perhaps, in writing books, e. g., on physiology or hygiene. I find there is a tendency in this land for one to grow hard, selfish and dictatorial. Surely it is in Christ's power to

save us from that. * * * Do I succeed in my medical work? I don't know. Let others judge. I am not to be satisfied."

In December of this first year she visited Calcutta as a delegate to the Sunday School Convention, and stayed at the Deaconess Home presided over by Mrs. Thoburn, of whom she writes, "Mrs. Thoburn has a sweet experience that is helpful to all. She quietly does the will of God as she knows it at the moment. She says she may know the next moment that it was a mistake of judgment; but that she has the consciousness that God is pleased with her efforts and attitude."

Here she learned too "a little lesson in consideration for the rights of a hostess. It strikes me that an essay or speech on the subject of 'Consideration' would be appropriate sometime for the Epworth League."

At the Conference in January, 1890, she was again appointed to Moradabad, this time in charge of the Zenana as well as the medical work. "I have my hands and my heart full; but, tonight, I have in my heart a consciousness of the presence of God. A golden sunlight fills the room, a sweet peace fills my heart. Oh God, help me to do from day to day Thy work, in Thy strength, for Thee. Oh Christ, be Thou in my loneliness. my father and mother, my brother and sister"

Her days were very full visiting zenanas with the Bible readers, attending patients in the hospital, school and city, and aside from all this taking an active part in all the Hindustani churches,

especially in the Epworth League. An untiring witness herself, she desired to inspire everyone else, whether young or old, ignorant or learned, to become witnesses also. Bands of Ready Workers were organized in connection with the Epworth League.

Jan. 13, she writes, "Visited six zenanas with Lydia (Bible Reader). In the afternoon held the first meeting of Ready Workers to organize work. Divided girls and boys into companies of 10, with a leader over each. Dr. Parker is commander-in-chief."

She loved to work for the development of all with whom she came in contact and was especially interested in the growth of her servants.

"Had the servants come in from 3 to 4 p. m., children and all. Taught them a verse. Dismissed them and then had those remain who wanted to learn to read Hindi."

University bred though she was, she took a pleasure in teaching the dull and ignorant ones the letters of the Hindi alphabet, in the hope that they, one day, would be able to read the Word of God themselves. Her prayer was, "May God bless them all and unite all our hearts in Christian love and sympathy."

Two or three of these servants were included in the Bands of Ready Workers. One day's entry in her journal will suffice to show the strenuous life she was leading at this time.

Jan. 16. "Went to Hospital. Discharged two girls. After breakfast went to Government Dis-

pensary (called by Dr. Freyer, Civil Surgeon), visited with him the tahsildar's wife. Then to my dispensary; then to the city, visited 4 zenanas, all Hindus. First Mohalla (Sweeper quarter) meeting among the sweeper class with the ayah's (her native woman servant) band, some 30 present, women and children."

One a week ■ medical lecture was delivered to the girls in the school requiring special preparation. The evenings were generally devoted to the study of the language with a "munshi" (teacher) as no time could be spared during the day.

Sunday evening she held a class meeting of little boys. Feb. 9, "In my class of little boys tonight, I told them I wanted them to pray every night. One of the new boys, some 13 or 14 years old, asked, 'What is prayer?' I asked him if he had a father. 'Yes.' Do you talk with him? 'Yes.' So do we go to our Heavenly Father."

"Today in going to the city, I saw a funeral, a corpse borne on the shoulders of four men, on a stretcher. In front of it, the mihtars (sweepers), some six or seven men, danced, holding out their dirty skirts for the shower of eatables which was thrown among them in front of the corpse—a most striking and revolting spectacle."

Feb. 20. "In the afternoon went to ayah's mohalla. Had a very delightful meeting. God seemed very near. How I love these women!"

Mar. 2, Sunday. "In the afternoon baptism of some 20 from the mohalla where the ayah's

band has been working. Jae Prabhu Yisu! (Glory to the Lord Jesus!)”

April 12. “I think I have passed through some of the bitterest experiences of my life in these last three months—blues, homesickness, and a most distressing feeling of insufficiency. Yes, today, thank God, the clouds seem to break a little. * * * I want to look upon the little trials and troubles that come to me in the light of a long life in India. I want to save my strength and preserve myself, all that is best in me, for a long life of usefulness. I need more faith, more patience, more love. Oh, Christ, help me. I want to show forth the truth of the gospel in my life.”

April 16. “This year I am seeing more of the undercurrent of mission life; more of the weaknesses and frailties of our Christian community, and more of the need of education in every sense of the term. I am doing my best, in giving medicine and in helping in the Christian services. My work seems broken and ineffective. In looking at my character I see many deficiencies, one is a scattering of my energies on too many lines of work, one is a lack of concentration, one is a lack of system, one is a lack of promptness, a tendency to put off.

“Can one with all these lacks do good work that shall help the world? I mean to strive with all my soul to conquer myself. Talk about the faults of the heathen! In myself, I find them all. But just as I know how the gospel of Christ helps me by giving me hope and courage, so do I know

it will help them, my brothers and sisters. Dear Lord Jesus, I thank Thee, that Thy salvation is for the imperfect, for the poor in spirit."

For Mrs. Parker, the wife of the Presiding Elder at Moradabad, she conceived the love of a daughter. "My beloved Mrs. Parker, she seems to me the most perfect embodiment of the true missionary, unexampled executiveness, firmness of will and purpose, all bent to do the will of God. Patiently and steadily she carries on her shoulders 'the burden and heat of the day,' the carrying out of plans for the benefit of all.

"I love her with all my heart and I want to spare her some of the ills that come to her. I don't want to pour into her already over-crowded ears the tale of my petty woes and trials. God help me to help her! God make me reserved about myself and open to the trials of others."

The summer vacation was spent in the hills tending two missionaries ill with consumption.

June 14. Almora, she writes she is a "little tired but very thankful to do all I can for my dear brothers and sisters in the work. Strange, however, in mission life, jealousy and envy crop out, and there is a tendency to backbite. Oh, I want my life and my tongue free from all taint of scandal and backbiting. Who is perfect? As John Bunyan said, when he saw a drunken sot reeling along the street, 'Only for the grace of God, there goes John Bunyan.'"

"I hear daily from my dear Mrs. Parker. One of the older girls in the school, almost half dwarf,

had taken pice (copper coin) and rubbed off some of the copper, put it in water and drank it. When asked why she did it, she said, 'I am so little, no one will take me, why should I live?' "

"Another big girl was run away by her father and sold. It seems she has been sold several times already.

"There's plenty of sin to fight in India, in one's own heart; and in the hearts of those about one. God make me faithful."

July 9 was Mrs. Parker's 57th birthday. The following poem was written to commemorate the event:

"Thro' many years,
Thro' hopes and fears,
Thro' light and shade,
Thro' plans you've laid,
You've 'pegged away'.

"Yet still at last
When o'er the past
You note the change
Within y'e range,
'Tis, 'peg away'.

"New fields appear,
New work to steer
New souls to save
New wounds to lave
Oh, 'peg away'.

"God grant you strength,
A life of length,
Brave, steadfast heart
Of royal part
To 'peg away'.

"And we who know
Do love you so!
Our help we pledge
We all allege
To 'peg away'.

Though no musician herself, she was passionately fond of good music and great was the effort she made to train the young people to sing in parts for the church services and the Epworth League. With the help of a lady at the organ a very good choir was formed.

July 10. "Getting ready for the Epworth League Convention. Forming the first choir with bass and tenor among the natives in India!" Some fine, rousing pieces were rendered by this choir at conventions and other Christian gatherings.

July 11: "Today came the gathering of the clans. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Rockey and three children, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, Alice Scott, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Northrup I entertained, while Mrs. Parker had Revs. Bare, Osborne and Neeld, Miss English and Miss Rowe. Parade of Kaurinja Paltan (Shell army) and Lal Fita Fanj (Red Ribbon Army) and a model Epworth League meeting."

July 16. "A new chapel was opened in one of the sweeper mohallas. For one hour there is a school for women and children. About 30 scholars are enrolled. God bless them."

July 17: "At 5 P. M. went with a Ready Worker's band to a new place near the hospital, then to the chapel at 6. God bless our native workers."

July 18. "Got out rules for Bands of Ready Workers. God bless the Ready Workers and guide us in this work and make us ready to do His will."

July 21. "Today at 3 went with my Band and held a meeting in the new chapel; then at 4 our Ready Workers all met and we had a reorganization. There are now over 100 in our Bands and 12 Bands pledged to go out once a week and work for the Master. In the evening went to revival service in the chapel."

July 20. Sunday, she prays for her class of boys in the Sunday School, "God bless my boys."

July 24. "At 5 p. m. began my new class meeting of little girls in the school. God bless the little folks and make me worthy of helping them."

She had started right in to using the language and this, her second year, she acted as critic in the league.

Aug. 11. She went with a Band of Ready Workers. The subject of the meeting was the Prodigal Son. "Fine meeting. O God bless the women. Evening went to Kishnu Lal chapel. Made my first sermon!"

Aug. 12. "I can see my servants are improving. O God, bless them and make me so true to Thee that by no careless act I may neutralize the good I would do."

Sept. 10. "I was cross with an old blind man. God forgive me."

Oct. 7: "Visited zenanas in the city. At Hari Singh's was impressed with the sincerity of

one of the women. The rest of the house were Mohammedan but I was received with politeness and listened to with interest. God bless the illiterate women of India."

By sending around Books of Ready Workers she was instrumental in starting Bands in other places.

CHAPTER II.—MUTTRA.

The Annual Conference of January, 1891, was held at Moradabad.

Jan. 9, 1891. "First heard that perhaps I was to be transferred to Muttra, to have charge of the Deaconess Home and Training School."

Jan. 11. "Became a Deaconess."

Jan. 22. "Left Moradabad for Bareilly to go to Muttra."

Jan. 29. "Arrived in Muttra at 5 P. M."

Jan. 30. "Getting acquainted."

Jan. 31. The entry, "Four Bands of Ready Workers organized," speaks for itself.

Feb. 15. "In the afternoon held the first class meeting with all the Christians on the place; used the simile of Christ and the branches."

Feb. 16. "In the afternoon held the first verandah school for the servants. God give me wisdom to conduct the affairs of the house wisely."

Her work here was very different from what it had been at Moradabad and was connected more with teaching in the Training School. She took lessons in Hindi and Urdu, held servants' meetings, visited mohallas and assisted with the Epworth League and other meetings.

The annual Fair at Brindaban was visited. A

Hindu showed some opposition. "While preaching a fakir was very rude and threw dirty water on me."

April 13. At Hathras, "Saw a little girl who wants to become a Christian. Started Epworth League."

1892 was also spent at Muttra but of the work of this year there is no record. The lady who had been in charge of the medical work went home on furlough and Dr. Sheldon assumed her duties in addition to all her other work. Her compassion for the hundreds of Bengali widows in the temples at Brindaban led to her taking up the study of Bengali.

She tried to hold a dispensary at Brindaban once a week. Her health was not good and at the Conference of January, 1893, it was decided that she go to the hills.

January 13, 1893. "Attended the North India Conference at Bareilly, where four years ago I attended the meetings. I did not know then where I was to be sent."

" * * * I found there was a strong plan here to get me to go to Pithoragarh on account of what seemed failing health. But I do not see that my health is so poorly. I see in my mind's eye the vision of the poor Christians in the mohallas of Muttra and in the District. I see my Training School for mission workers, and I feel that my sphere is yet in Muttra if the Lord will give me grace and strength of body and mind."

Jan. 16. "This evening the appointments were read out, "Miss Sheldon, M. D., Pithoragarh." So be it. I sat by Miss Budden and we took communion together, praying the dear Lord to bless our common labors. What a strange providence."

Feb. 9. "Today I am getting ready to go to Agra for a few weeks to attend the clinics there and get ready for greater usefulness."

She had for some time been writing notes in Hindustani on the Epworth League topics for the Kankab. She rendered this service for many years, even keeping it up during her furloughs in America.

CHAPTER III.—PITHORAGARH

March 15, 1893. "Arrived at Pithoragarh. Called on Miss Reed first at Chandag."

She carried on medical and village work and here again she started bands of Ready Workers.

Early in the year she and Miss Budden took the first trip up to Bhot, the Tibitan borderland.

April 25 finds the party at Dharchula: "Found the Bhotiyas had left the day before." They live on the slopes of the snow-capped mountains bordering Tibet during the summer; and the winters were spent in the low warm valleys on the banks the River Kali and across the border in Nepaul. The chief settlement is at Dharchula.

The Bhot or borderland, where Dr. Sheldon worked is divided into three section, Biyas, Darma and Chaudas. Biyas and Darma are immediately on the border, Biyas east and Darma west, the villages reaching a height of 13,000 ft. Chaudas is south of Biyas. The villages are not so high and consequently it is not necessary for the people to leave their homes during the winter. The Biyasis pass down through Chaudas in their half-yearly migrations. On the large plain of Dharchula about six Biyasi villages are represented, the rest cross over into Nepaul.

The Darma people have their settlements below

Dharchula on the Kali River. By about the 20th of April there is hardly a Bhotiya family to be found in these lower regions.

Miss Sheldon writes, "The roofs of their deserted villages had been burned, and the place looked desolate enough. In the afternoon we went out to look for land to build and found a good place for a bungalow. This land belongs to the Rajwas of Askot. Plenty of opportunities for work, giving medicine, talking to the people, etc."

April 30. Pithoragarh. "Today 15 or 20 Bhotiyas attended service. God bless the Bhotiya movement."

These people are traders. The men spend very little time at home. Though the families had moved up to the higher villages the male members were still in the lower districts bartering salt for the wheat and barley which had just been harvested. Later on, when the snow bound passes into Tibet are open, they convey grain up there, using sheep as beasts of burden, and barter it again for salt, and purchase wool of the Tibetans for the Cawnpore Woolen Mills. The women stay in their homes, cultivate the land, weave woollen clothes for the whole family, etc. They are of Mongolian origin, and in their language and customs differ from the Paharis (hill people).

In the autumn of this year a severe illness came on which resulted in Dr. Sheldon's being granted a furlough home.

On the voyage she wrote some interesting letters to the KanKab for her Hindustani friends

and continued to serve the country she loved by contributing to the same paper notes on the Epworth League topics.

This message came from Singapore: "Altho' I have left India behind and it now seems very far away, still my love for it and the workers does not grow less."

Jan. 17, 1894. Canton River. "It has been a long time since I have written in thee, little book. The busy life of a missionary presents many things worthy of being chronicled; but I think when one is living most it is hardest to express it in writing. I have been two years in Muttra, and one year in Pithoragarh among the mountains since I have written in you. (This is a little book of Records, not the diaries.) Years in which I have worked hard, lived and suffered. Now I am on my way to America. Came down from the hills with Alice Scott, who had nursed me through a long illness."

At the Conference, 1895, her appointment was again Pithoragarh and she started up hill with Miss Budden.

Jan. 19. Gangoli. "Miss Budden and I are earnestly seeking the spirit of power."

Jan. 26. Pithoragarh. "In the afternoon reorganized the Junior Epworth League, still seeking for the enduement of power through the Holy Spirit."

Jan. 30. "After breakfast, at 12, I started for Bhot, alone, as far as English company is concerned."

A few Hindustani Workers had been sent from Pithoragarh up to Bhot and a small mission had been opened. Dr. Sheldon felt called to this work but could not move up there permanently until bungalows had been erected both at Dharchula and at Chaudas. The one at the former place was ready for occupation but not at the latter. Dr. Sheldon could not spend the summer in the low, hot valley of Dharchula, so, when the Bhotiyas left for cooler climes she returned to Pithoragarh.

Jan. 31. On the way. "Raining this morning. Probably I cannot proceed today. Am in the tent, plagued by fleas and dampness, but seeking the Spirit. Am resting on the promise, 'But if I depart I will send Him unto you' (to me).

"'For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call (even unto me).'"

Feb. 3. "Spent in camp. Entered into covenant with my Master. Abide in me and I in you."

"We must take the power given."

CHAPTER IV.—BHOT.

Feb. 5. "Arrived at Dharchula."

Feb. 7. "Visited Dharchula. Made a beginning with the language, sitting by the women."

No cultivation is carried on by the Bhotiyas during the winter. All the cultivable land is owned and worked by Paharies and the Bhotiyas rent just the space occupied by their temporary homes. The Biyas and Dharma people raise only one crop in the high elevations where they spend the summer. The winter is spent in weaving and spinning and Christian workers find a good opportunity to talk to the women, sitting down among them at their looms.

Feb. 9. "Very happy. Feels like home."

Feb. 13. "An eventful day. Talked for three hours with Kali, who was ready for baptism but finally refused, went to Dharchula. Saw the Peshkar (Hindu Political Officer) and Hindu Inspector of Schools. Was sneered at by Hindus. Crossed the Kali river on a hewn log, put my foot on Nepaul and said, 'Nepaul for Jeus!'

"Took class meeting, subject, the Burning Bush."

Feb. 21. "Today, in Dharchula, taught in two places. Visited in several homes, had talks with several men. The worship of Devis and Devotas

(gods and goddesses) seems very fixed, but our Lord can break every band."

"Came home and found a high Caste man waiting to become a Christian. He is from Nepaul. Can't tell yet if his motive is pure."

Feb. 25. "Amar Singh (Nepauli) was baptized. 'Jae Prabhu Yisu!'"

(Later, "Alas, I know not what has become of him. He left and I have never seen him since. I heard he was a prisoner in Nepaul. If so, I may see him again.")

March 1. "Kali (a Christian woman) and Jasma taught Galati (among the Darma people). Hira, Puti and I in Dharchula. Some 20 girls are reading."

March 23. "Miss Budden arrived."

March 29. Miss Budden and Dr. Sheldon started for Chaudas. "Spent the night in a tent at Khela, the first day's march from Dharchula."

March 31. "Spent Sunday in Chaudas with Miss Budden."

April 1. Dr. Sheldon returned to Dharchula. Miss Budden returned later.

April 4. "Visited Dharchula. Went through the Kheras. The people all friendly. There is a change."

The Mission bungalow is built on a spur high up above the plan occupied by the Bhotiyas. The Bhotiyas settlements are called Kheras.

April 6. "Packed all day" (preparatory to leaving for Pithoragarh). "Had a lot of Bhotiyas

come to us. I have found a Pandit (teacher), a real Bhotiya. He brought me, written out, many Bhotiya words."

This was the first attempt to reduce this language to writing and the Hindi characters had to be employed.

April 8. "Left today for Pithoragarh via Askot and Thal Nula. Stopped for the night at Balwakot. Found Chuni, a starved, diseased waif, under a big tree. Took her with me."

April 14. Thal. A fair is held here in this month. Dr. Sheldon and her party camped near by in order to work among the great gathering of Bhotiyas, Paharies, etc.

"A Tibitan family (Bhundan's) was to have come with us but were afraid of the heat at Pithoragarh." The next winter they were baptized at Dharchula and joined the mission.

At the end of the summer Dr. Sheldon again turned her face Bhot-ward.

October 22. "Left for Bhot with a few Christians, among them Dora and Chuni."

Her father's sympathetic letters and pecuniary aid had always been a tower of strength. So closely did he follow her life described in her weekly letters that he seemed to be acquainted with every phase of the work and to know each of the helpers by name. The first Sunday, on her return to Bhot, we find this note, "In the afternoon came the home mail bringing the tidings of my father's death on the cars in New Mexico. A

beautiful letter came from mother and father both. Father's own hand and voice comforted me."

Extract from a letter published in the Excelsior Cottager:

, Dharchula, Bhot, E. Kumaon, Nov. 3, 1895.
Dear Excelsior Friends:

I know how much you loved my dear father and I know how your hearts will be turned toward me in my grief for my father alone in this distant land. His death occurred on the 20th of September. I heard the news from mother's letter October 27th, on my first Sunday in Bhot. I was very unprepared for such tidings, for every letter had borne testimony to father's good health and cheerfulness. In the same mail, by a strange and providential coincidence, there was a letter from father, written from Alton, Ia. only four days before his death.

To me it was a very precious letter, and it seemed as if father's own hand and voice comforted me. I was four days marches from my nearest English speaking friends in Pithoragarh, but my little native community here were very sympathetic, and I felt no lack of human sympathy. I send a copy of father's last letter, thinking it may be helpful and comforting to his many friends as it was to me.

Alton, Ia., Sept. 16, 1895.

Dear daughter:

The time has come when it seems to me imper-

ative that we should be setting our faces homeward. (The father and mother had come East to visit children and friends). God has been wonderfully kind and gracious to us thus far. To me it has been a scene of wonderful blessing. I have never had such a vivid experience of the aid of the Spirit as during this visit. I have been led as never as fully before to surrender myself up to the Lord Jesus to be indwelt by Him and used by Him in just such a way as would please Him; and He has opened up ways in a wonderful manner for me to do something for Him.

It seems as though I had only just begun to live, just attained to the true idea of the Christian life. I have gained new ideas of what is the baptism of the Spirit which are most precious. The Holy Spirit under the present dispensation is something more than the Holy Spirit which the disciples had experienced in their conversion before Jesus had died, and risen and ascended and been glorified. It is something more than the Holy Spirit as it was enjoyed by the holy men of old, the prophets, etc.

Jesus carried back into heaven something which He had not had before. In addition to His divine nature He now had a glorified human nature. So now the baptism of the Holy Spirit is the Spirit of the glorified Jesus, coming onto us as the Spirit of the indwelling Jesus, revealing the Son and the Father within. Christ himself by his spirit abides in us just to the extent that we surrender ourselves up to be possessed and con-

trolled by Him. Our life is his life. As Paul says, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." This makes life a glad and joyous life. It is easy and natural to speak of Him and for Him.

(Then follow messages to different helpers and the last words he ever penned to his daughter were) :

"My health has greatly improved since coming, though it seemed good before. Maybe it is well, at my time of life, to set my house in order and make ready to cut loose from terrestrial affairs; yet my prospects for living seem good for ten years yet. May the joy of the Lord be your strength. With abundant love, Your father,

C. B. SHELDON."

He contracted a cold and passed away quietly in his sleep, on the cars.

Dr. Sheldon paid a flying visit to Chaudas to inspect the work on the bungalow. "I love the cool air and water and great mountains of Chaudas. When will I see them again? After six months? God make me worthy to take up this great work. I feel my weakness and now my precious father is gone."

Dec. 5. "Went to Goti (one of the Darma settlements). Saw the chhappar (thatched house) in which Ujiyala and Jhupli (Christian workers) are to live. Tried to start a girls' school for Jhupli



WINTER HOME
DHARCHULA



CHAUDAS
SUMMER HOME



BHOTIYA WOMEN

to teach. Had a meeting. When we prayed they said, 'Someone has lost her mother and they are weeping.' "

Dec. 18. "Trying to get one of the Christians to pay off his debts. I want our Christians to live honorable lives, at whatever cost to their pride. Debt and pride are the great weaknesses of our Christians as impatience and hastiness are of us European Christians. God help me to be gentle, long-suffering and patient."

Dec. 19. "Went to Dharchula after teaching servants' school. I see the enemy—Hindu prejudice and the 'Old Man' which loves sin and dislikes to be reproved—before us entrenched. Now God, give us grace, wisdom and humility to work for His glory alone. 'Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation!' My heart is heavy."

Christmas Day. Arranged Christmas tree. Sent out invitations and cards to the Pradham (head man of the village), Dak Munshi (post master) and Pandits (the Hindu teachers of the Government schools).

"Tied oranges on the tree, four dolls, Hindustani soap, mustard oil, etc. Cooly came from Shor (Pithoragarh) with oranges. The mail came bringing me Rs. 139 from America. Praise the Lord for all His crowning mercies! Had about 35 Christians, little and big, to dinner. In the evening, games."

Dec. 31. "Watch Night meeting—essays, talks songs. Saw the old year out by a clock set by guess. 'Lo, I am with you alway.' Five Tibet-

ans came and sang for us and we gave them cakes cooked in oil, and pice, and sang for them. They thought my ticking clock was a praying machine. God grant that their coming the first of the year may mean that we are to have fruit among them this year. God bless all my co-workers and give me greater and greater grace to do all things for His glory and to leaven the lumps He has given me. Thy spirit, Lord; Thy presence, Lord."

Early in February, 1896, she took a trip into Askot, two marches toward Pithoragarh, to meet Miss Reed.

February 11. "Arrived in Dharchula. Received a warm welcome from all the dear ones at home. This is my home."

Feb. 23. "A good Sunday. Large audience at Dharchula. I led the Sunday School. Used the Bhotiya language for the first time. The people greeted each sentence with a roar of delighted laughter."

Feb. 29. She had employed a Bhotiya woman teacher whom she called Halu (which means special friend). "Today my Halu said, 'Do you tell anyone I am teaching you? The people give me gali (abuse). They say, Don't tell the Miss Sahiba the truth.'"

March 2. Today six Tibetans came to the house. One asked if my organ was Christ while I was singing to them."

March 14. She started on a little itinerating trip among the Darma people and the Paharies.

March 15. "Had two good meetings, one at night around a blazing camp fire. Probably hundreds heard the message."

March 18. Kalika. "I never had been in this village before. Most of the people are from the other side of the river (Nepaul)."

March 23. "Full of interruptions. May these all be broken lights of Thee, my Lord. Went away to meditate and pray in the twilight but here I was found."

April 21. Today left Dharchula for Chaudas."

Some days were spent in a tent, as the bungalow was not ready.

May 21. "We all sleep in the house in one room. Our dispositions are jangling a little. May the Holy Spirit attune us!"

Miss Browne having come up on a short visit, it was decided to make a hurried march up into Tibet.

May 26. The party left Chaudas. A good road leads to the first halting place. On the next two marches, "the road is made out of solid rock and supported by iron crowbars drilled into the rock. Many places are very narrow and dangerous. Walked most of the way today. The mountain is black and lowering as Sinai."

March 29. "Today broke camp before sun-up. We pushed on and saw the picturesque valley of Budi (the first village in Biyas Bhot). Below is the Kali river, which we have seen for three days. It is now slender and yet noisy. Opposite, on the

Nepaul side, are snowy mountains with glaciers. My first near view of glaciers."

Working in the villages near which they camped, they wended their way up to the foot of the Pass.

June 2. Kali Pani (Black Water). From this place they had to take a supply of wood and grass to use up in Tibet. "At Kala Pani is a fountain right out from the mountains."

June 3. "Today a gradual gentle ascent, up, up, up, following a branch of the Kali river. Mountains are very bare, no wood at all on them. We carried wood on the backs of coolies. One Yak carries two maunds (160 lbs.) and more. It carries it as lightly as a feather. This is the last stage before going into Tibet. It is very cold here, snow above and below us."

June 4. Got up very early this morning in the cold. Gentle ascent for five miles, up, crossing great beds of snow which never melt.

"The pass was reached without giddiness. Stone shrine to dovota (god) here. Our men threw on stones. From Lipu Pass (nearly 17,000 ft.) we came down to Pala. Tibet lies in a glare of sunshine and bare golden mountains and plain. Awful mountain sickness. No one stopped us."

June 5. Early this morning men came from the Raja and said that we must not go any further until the Raja came. So after chhoti hazri (little breakfast) we climbed a high mountain from which Taklakot could be seen and the moun-

tains of Kailas, a great place of pilgrimage. We are the first women who have ever come into Tibet over this pass. The Patwari (head man of a certain number of villages) came and brought word that we must not go further. We plan to leave tomorrow."

June 6. "Today came in a fearful snow storm over the Lipu Pass. Climbed up the pass on foot. One man was benumbed and left his load. Sent back two men to bring him down. Found him. Arrived safe and sound at Kala Pani."

June 18. "Today came from Kala Pani to Gwinzi, and encamped on the Nepaul side in a beautiful grove of firs and pines. Here are many Tibetans encamped. So many opportunities to speak of Christ if the heart is only ready and full."

June 17. "Miss Browne returned to the plains. I went with her several miles. Came back feeling great loneliness. More consecration needed."

June 28. "Bal Singhuja, his wife and son were baptized."

Aug. 11. "I am often worried over the responsibility of training so large a household. How to watch and yet not grow suspicious. This thought I need—

"1. More Faith, which is the centrifugal force, This implies trust in my family; let them branch.

"2. More Love. This is the centripetal force that will bind us together and keep us from going off in tangents."

In August a trip was taken into Darma Bhot. This would take her in a westerly direction and

then north. In traveling to Biyas one goes due north from Chaudas. It is possible to make a round trip, through Darma, over ■ pass some 18,000 ft. high into Biyas and on down to Chaudas again or vice versa.

August 25. "Today after some delay and confusion with coolies I left with Dasi and the old soldier Man Singh for a trip to Darma. It was excessively hot coming down the Chaudas mountain. Walked all the way down. Arrived in Khela in the evening. Warmly welcomed by Goriya and Lachmi (Christian workers). God bless these young people in their new home and work."

Aug. 26. "Khela is the dividing of the ways, one road going up through Chaudas to Biyas and the other leading up to Darma. The language in these three sections differs somewhat. The Chaudas and Biyas Bhotiyas coming so much in contact with each other are intimately associated and there is more similarity in their dialects. They mingle less and intermarry less with the Darma Bhotiyas and are apt to look down on them.

"Today left for Darma. Heard of a broken bridge. Took along the mender of roads. Gave him and his men bakhshish (money present) Found the break not so bad as I feared. It was soon safely repaired and my horse is across. My poor old pack horse is with me, not my riding horse, which is 'rusticating' in Darma. This horse has a way of tying up her hind legs when going down a hill, which is a little trying to the rider, but she is taking me all right."

Aug. 27. "Last night spent under a Chhappar (grass thatched hut) at Sobila, where are hundreds of great boxes for the grain of the Darma Bhotiyas. This is a kind of storing place. The grain collected in the town districts is brought up here and in the summer it is conveyed up into Tibet. The Pradhan (head man) here was good to us, gave wood, milk, and a chicken."

Aug. 28. On the way. "The road was very bad, resembling Nirparriya (the bad stretch on the way up to Biyas). With great difficulty my poor horse was dragged along. Walked and walked. Finally found Shela was on the opposite bank of the Dhauli river, and inaccessible almost, so camped in the woods beside the roaring river. Had hard work to make a fire with wet sticks.

"Preached to a number of people today. Came to Naghing, camped under great trees for breakfast. Gave medicine and preached. Camped at Baling for the night."

Between these two places she visited a magnificent glacier which comes down from Panchula, a five-peaked, snow-capped mountain.

Aug. 29. "Today left Baling and after a march of four miles, crossing the Dhauli river, arrived at Baun village, where a Christian preacher, Babu Marqus, lives. Surprised them completely. Saw my horse which is rustivating here. It is in good condition."

Aug. 30. "Spent at Baun. Saw a procession with a sheep. A dead man's clothes were put upon it. The sheep seems to be in place of the

deceased." The funeral ceremony which is performed after a person's death, sooner or later, wherever sheep or yaks may be obtained from Tibet, is called the "dhuding." As only Tibetan sheep or yak are used, the dhuding of those who die during the winter cannot be celebrated till some months later. The soul of the deceased is supposed to pass into the animal. It is fed and offerings are made to it to appease the spirit, in order that it may not return to trouble the relations.

Aug. 31. "Today went to Bidang, a mutual trading place between the Bhotiyas and Tibetans, though on this side of the pass. The Tibetans, called Khampas, were very good to us. Gave us wood and milk without price. Saw a blind man there in a deplorable condition. Tried to divert his attention to Christ."

Sept. 1. "Today Babu Marques and I visited the entire Khampa settlement and told of the Good Shepherd. Decided to leave today. So we rapidly descended the heights from Bading to the Dhauli River, saw a poor loaded sheep swept away in the river, a pitiful sight. Tonight I am camped in Go."

Sept. 2. "Tomorrow start for home. God bless my coming here and help us all. O, help us all to be true to Thee."

Sept. 3. Urthing. "Here is only one house of lohars (blacksmiths.) We heard that here lives a family of lepers. We find only one. Some of his relatives are living here."

Sept. 4. "Today came from Urthing to Sobila.

Stopped for breakfast in a grove of trees where there was good water. Then came a very hard journey for one mile. Today I walked almost the entire journey. My old white horse is very weak. Poor fellow."

Sept. 5. "Today arrived in Khela, walking about the whole 9 miles."

Sept. 6. "Spent in Khela. Had service with the Christians. Spoke on, 'Ye are not your own.'"

Sept. 7. "Today arrived in Chaudas, 'at Home.' Girls not expecting me, but glad to see me. Everything had gone on nicely during my absence. My girls are faithful. Heaven bless them more and more. I have a large family; to look after them all well requires much grace and wisdom. God give me more and more. I shall reap if I faint not."

Oct. 7. "Today went to Bangba. While there rice (cooked) was given to a half-witted youth. From this much disturbance has arisen for he was high caste."

Oct. 12. "Heard that an axe was sharpened to kill off the Christians by the brother of the half-witted boy whose caste we have inadvertently broken."

Oct. 14. "Left Chaudas for Dharchula." The Darma Bhotiyas were also moving down at this time. After leaving Khela many of their camps were passed. Dora, a deaf mute, had formerly belonged to these people. At one of the camps they gave her some home brewed liquor.

Nov. 6. "Had a severe trial with Dora. She drank liquor from the Darma people."

The Bhotiyas, especially those residing in Darma, are very intemperate. Quantities of grain, mostly rice and barley, are turned into liquor.

Nov. 7. "Today a horrible thing happened; five cows were burned to death in a cow house. I felt a little like Job. What is the meaning of these trials?"

This winter Miss Sheldon visited the plains and attended the North India and North West India Conference. Miss Browne was appointed to Bhot as Dr. Sheldon's co-worker.

Feb. 20, 1897. "Arrived at Dharchula."

March 16. "Today went to Juma. Climbed a steep mountain. Saw a patient afflicted with lumbago. Left medicine. Spilled a little milk on the ground to the horror of the Hindus as milk is considered precious (and even sacred). Coming home, at Dobata, I saw two men swept away by the fierce river and drowned. One clung for half an hour to a rock in the river; three trees were cut down, rope flung out to him, all in vain. Saw his body one mile below."

Shortly after moving up to Chaudas the ladies became acquainted with Mr. Savage Landor who spent a few days there on his way up to Tibet.

June 9. "Left Chaudas for the upper villages in Biyas Bhot. Here acquaintance was renewed with Mr. Landor.

June 19. "Today after a hard march over

snow, etc., we arrived in the beautiful village of Kuti." (This is the highest village in Biyas, 13,000 ft.) "We crossed great beds of snow, mountain torrents, etc. There were 10 snowbridges over the Kuti Yangti." a branch of the Kali river. "Saw crevasses some 75 to 100 ft. deep."

It was decided this time to cross into Tibet through Nepaul hoping for better success.

Passing over the Kali River, which is the border line, a village was reached in Nepaul as high as Kuti village, namely Tinkar.

June 26. Tinkar. "Bought shoes for the men to go over the pass with. Decided to leave for the first Dharmsala" (native rest house) "beyond Tinkar. Here the grazing for horses was fine, the best I have seen anywhere. The coolies and servants occupied the Dharmsala, and the girls, Miss Browne and I the tent. We had previously left our beds, the outer covering of the tent and the tin box behind. Here was only the scrubby evergreen tree to use as fuel."

The pass which is about 17,000 ft. high was crossed in safety but again the ladies were bidden to return and only one night was spent in the country.

Later on in the year Darma Bhot was visited. Evangelistic and medical work was carried on in each of the villages.

Sept. 13. "Went on to Baun village. Stopped on the way to visit a fine glacier. Here, under the snout of the glacier, we had a narrow escape, for

a little avalanche of stones, ice and earth rolled down directly in our path, but we were on a great boulder and so were safe; but we got away as quickly as possible."

Sept. 17. In Darma. "Saw much drunkenness. Witnessed against intemperance. Saw dhudings, turbaned sheep on which the dead man's clothes were placed while girls held a long white cloth before it."

During the autumn Miss Browne visited her home and on her return was accompanied by a brother.

Dr. Sheldon attended the annual conference which kept her away through January and a part of February.

A holiday taken by those working in Bhot does not mean so much time spent in resting and in happy intercourse with one's friends. The journey down to the plains and back again is a long, hard one, occupying fully a month, so that very little time is left for visiting. Traveling to these distant places in the mountains is very delightful and full of interest to those performing the journey the first time; but for those who have been over the marches again and again and have experienced the difficulties and annoyances connected with transportation, the journey has to a great extent lost its charm and none would welcome more than they a mode of locomotion that would bear them speedily over the great mountains.

Not only for themselves must coolies be found day by day along the way but endless supplies of

kerosine oil, soap, tea, sugar, flour, etc. must be brought up for the year and one's rest at night, after a long tiresome march, is disquieted with the thought, "Will the villages supply us with a sufficient number of coolies to take us on?" Very often they don't and one has to wait patiently, sometimes the patience is sadly wanting, in one of the dak bungalows, when one is longing to rush on. In the winter frequently snowstorms hinder the progress. Once a lady and her party were confined eight days in a dak bungalow (rest house), but this was an unusual experience.

CHAPTER V.

March 30, 1898. "Left for a little trip into Nepaul. Cyril and Eva" (Browne) "are with me." Several villages of Biyas Bhotiyas are settled along the route they travelled. It was to visit these, being British subjects, that permission was obtained to penetrate a little way into the country. Only five days were spent across the river as the official stationed at Dharchula, on the Nepaul side, was fearful lest he should get into trouble at headquarters for allowing Europeans to cross the border.

The same restrictions prevail in Nepaul as in Tibet with regard to foreigners, but not for quite the same reasons. Nepaul forbids foreigners residing in the country for political reasons, while Tibet regards itself as a sacred country, not to be polluted by the feet of those of other faiths. The name of the capital, Lhasa, means the "Country of the gods."

The trip into Nepaul had to be performed on foot, there being no proper road for horses.

April 4. "After a long, hard march, arrived at home. Home duties began to press. I have to fight irritability and impatience."

"Had to sleep out because of heat and fleas. But we shall reap if we faint not."

It is the little annoyances that are so trying in a missionary's, as in an ordinary life.

From Chaudas, this summer, it was proposed to make an all round trip visiting Darma first and crossing over the Lebong Pass into Biyas.

A few extracts will give an idea of the work carried on day by day.

June 16. "Visited village of Nagling, and preached. There was a wedding on of a boy named Ritha, dressed in blue plush. There was much drinking but we had a good audience in two places and gave the life of Christ."

June 17. "Today after an early breakfast left for Balang. On the way visited again the glacier which had nearly cost us our lives the year before. Then worked in two places in Balang. Tent pitched in a lovely place. Saw a wedding. The boy, Ritha, was from Nagling. He took his bride from Balang with great state, playing on drums, dancing, etc. Similar players and dancers went out to meet them from Balang. It was an engagement, boy and girl both under 12."

June 21. Marchha. "Was very ill here, oppression in left lung, could not move or breathe, yet no fever."

June 22. "Spent the day here. Went to see a sick man in village in the afternoon, then took the Prodigal Son in Darma Bhotiya. That night a big uproar took place. Found out in the morning that 25 or 30 Marchhals had gone to Sibu, 1 mile distant, and by force had carried away a girl,

Gobari by name, to make her the wife of a Marchhal. We were greatly disturbed by the noise."

In these two instances, the wedding at Nagling and this abducting of a girl, we see the new and the old. Those Bhotiyas who wish to be considered Hindus have taken to the Hindu method of performing their marriages. Most Bhotiyas keep to the old way of obtaining a wife in the manner the Marchhals did.

When a young man decides on making a certain girl his wife, some of his friends proceed to the girl's village, at nightfall, and by fair means or foul, manage to secure possession of her person and carry her off to her prospective bridegroom. Some of her girl friends follow the party and are feasted in the bridegroom's village for 10 or 15 days.

Gobari's brother objected to his sister's being forced into a marriage against her will, saying that, under the British supremacy, compulsion was unlawful.

"This morning the girl's brother reported the case to us. We went up to see the girl. She said she was not willing. Her brother, Rije Singh, said if she was not willing, to go back with them. We let them have an escort of Cyril Browne and several of our Christians. If the girl becomes willing she may become the lawful wife of the man who wishes to marry her."

"Bhot is full of darkness!"

Eventually Gobari did marry this Marchhal.

"The Bhotiyas were having devotpuja (sacrifice to the gods) in the morning. They besought us not to go until that was over, otherwise the worms would eat the fields."

July 1. "Started for Bedang." This is a wide open valley at the foot of the snows, about 14,000 ft. high. It is very cold and bleak and is on the way up to the Nue Pass, over which the Darma people cross into Tibet. The Khampas camp for some weeks on this plain.

Aside from the Bhotiyas who occupy this part of India, thousands of Tibetans move through the country. They are traders like the Bhotiyas but have no permanent homes. The winter months find them camped at Baramdeo, Holdwan and Ramnagar, south of the Himalaya Mountains.

About three months are spent here, then they gradually move their tents up through Biyas and others through Darma. Two or three months are spent in Tibet and again they begin their march southward. Their progress is slow but they have the whole year in which to accomplish the 200 miles down to the foot of the mountains and the 200 miles up again to Tibet so there is no occasion to hurry. They always manage to get there. The three or four miles march is finished in the cool of the morning and the rest of the time is spent in camp.

The women weave warm clothes, blankets and rugs. The men help in the coarser spinning but a great deal of their time is spent in drinking and gambling. Passing so much of their time in

British territory these Khampas are well acquainted with Hindustani; but among themselves they keep to their mother tongue.

It was hoped that it might be possible for a couple to live among these people, so Dasi and his Tibetan wife were assigned to this work but after a time it was given up as not being feasible.

From here an effort was made to scale the Darma pass into Tibet, the Nue, nearly 19,000 ft. high. It was "scaling" indeed, for people in trying to frighten our coolies from going on with us described it by holding their arms up in a perpendicular position. There was no road not even a path, and sheep and goat's manure alone marked the track for new travellers. Horses were never taken this way. The nimble sheep and goats, with the bags of grain or salt on their backs, performed the journey with difficulty. On account of the height this pass opened later and closed earlier than the others, which was a great disadvantage to the Khampas and Darma Bhotiyas. A few years later another lower and easier pass was discovered and this one was discarded.

July 4. "Started for the pass. Took wood, etc. Cooked breakfast by the roadside. Then on to Dawi. We were all on foot. Passed through beautiful valleys of grass with varying light and shade, velvety green. Lots of horses grazing. Stone pillars to gods there. Slept on ground in single tent."

July 5. "Two coolies tried to run away. Brought back by Bal Singhiya. Reached the per-

pendicular climb at noon. Ate a cold breakfast then on up the height. One coolie tried to run away but was brought back."

On account of the difficulty in securing coolies to accompany the party all idea of effecting an entrance into Tibet over this pass had to be given up. Deep snow lay on the North side, in which were treacherous crevasses ready to engulf the unwary and inexperienced. With a longing look at the Forbidden Country, the travellers turned their backs and retraced their steps.

July 6. "Came back to Bedang. Very tired, faces chapped and lips sore from the rarefied atmosphere. Ate dal and rice and went to bed."

From Bedang, an easterly course and then north brings one over the Jolang-Kang Pass into Biyas. Rain kept the party at Bedang.

July 12. "After breakfast started for the pass. Came under the summit."

July 13. "Detained by rain. Heard avalanches of snow and stones falling from time to time. In the deathly stillness reigning in these heights these cannon-like reports sound 'very weird and awesome.'"

July 14. "Up before the sun. Started for the pass, very difficult but grand views of glaciers. Left our horses at Bedang. This, though not as inaccessible as the Nue, is much worse than the Lipu and Tinker Passes and is about 18,000 ft. high. While ascending it, snowed a little. Arriving at the summit sang 'Jae Prabhu Yisu.' Then down to Jyulang Kang."

July 15. "This is a beautiful grazing ground. Crossed an icy river, taking off shoes and stockings. Eva was carried by Padam Singh.

Kuti. "Pauch Singh Padham gave us a tent. The people brought us rice, meat, ata (wheat meal) and ghi (butter rendered down). I had to borrow Rs. 5 from Nathuli (a friend among the Bhotiya women. The people were so kind, our hearts were greatly touched."

July 16. "Had a good time preaching in this village." Camping and working in each village kept the party on the way till

July 29. "Came into Chaudas."

"Found the garden overgrown with weeds and grass. Felt hairan" (perplexed, horrified.)

August 2. Began Training School. All was not by any means smooth sailing "Bal Singhiya left, he and family, for disobedience. Asu (the wife) refused to take manure out into the garden." The sweepings of the cow house are taken out into the fields, on their own farms, even by high caste people. Bal Singhiya refused to have his wife perform these menial services on the ground of their being Christians, though formerly they had no caste to boast of; such are the wrong ideas these poor, ignorant people conceive of Christianity. Later Bal Singhiya acquired some land from the villagers and worked up a very good farm, all the duties connected with it being cheerfully performed by the whole family.

Permission was granted by government to build a small chapel at Chaudas.

Oct. 3. "Began the chapel. Praise the Lord."

Oct. 7. "Our Missionary Day. Raised about Rs. 25 Eva and I announced our intention of giving up our salaries and going on self-support. This is for the good of the mission. God help us in our efforts and give us help and strength."

During some years the diaries contain very few entries. Sometimes there is a prayer: "Take ME out of the way."

"Lord Jesus, make me simple and self forgetful. I am too self-conscious."

The Christian community grew slowly and here and there are brief notes telling of trouble with one or another member of the large family.

"Had a sharp talk with a Christian for stealing grass. He left in passion. It is hard to know how to reprove without raising resentment and anger in the one reproved. 'This wisdom is from above.'"

The times of moving from Dharchula up to Chaudas in the Spring and moving down again in the autumn were a trial to the patience of all.

The usual round of missionary work was sustained—medical, evangelistic, teaching and meetings and services among the Christian community.

Some birthday verses penned very near this time for a friend, one of the large company of missionaries who came out to India with Dr. Sheldon, show clearly that the brilliant scholar

and surgeon had learned humility in the chastening that comes to every true missionary.

When we first crossed the ocean blue,
We thought of what we were to do;
Our hearts they swelled to meet the tide,
And sin and woe and want o'erride,
Sister Lucie.

We're humbler now, for well we know
'Tis not in man that dwells below,
To ease one burdened, broken heart,
Or life to sinners dead impart,
Sister Lucie.

In One, indeed, has been our trust;
Our glory now, to know we must
On Him, on Him alone rely
For all we need to Him apply,
Sister Lucie.

And when our work to us is given
By self, for self, we are not driven;
"Not I but Christ" fulfills the task,
The worker He, we but His mask,
Sister Lucie.

This is a hallowed, sacred day,
You look behind on all the way,
And know the Lord alone did lead,
Honey and oil He did you feed,
Sister Lucie.

You look ahead and have no dread,
For though the fields should yield no bread,
The Lord Jehovah is your strength,
Your feet shall reach the goal at length,
Sister Lucie.

And we, your friends, who love you well,
Will work with you, the message tell,
On mountain side, in fertile plain,
Till He, our Lord, doth come to reign,
Sister Lucie.

In 1902 Dr. Sheldon and Miss Browne, dressed as Bhotiya women, made a longer trip than usual

into Tibet. This is fully described in a booklet entitled "Among the Bhotiyas," published by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston.

March 24, 1903. There is a notice of a trip into Nepaul when the ladies were permitted to spend a longer time in the country than previously.

"Today returned from Deo Thal (in Nepaul) after an absence of 13 days. Visited Biyas Bhotiyas in Khari, Tangtaugti, Rae Song, and Misallam Thang, and also the Nepauli Rajwar (petty chief) at Deo Thal, at his own request. Showed the magic lantern three times to large audiences. The Rajwar very generously sent us a goat and a liberal supply of ata, rice and ghi.

Permission to take this trip was gained thru the medical services rendered by Dr. Sheldon to the wife of the Nepauli officer stationed at Dhar-chula.

A furlough was again taken in 1905, ten years after the first furlough. She was untiring in her labors and endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact.

She could say with John Wesley, "The World is my Parish," and she was ever ready to speak a word of warning or to impart cheer and comfort to friends or strangers. "I fasted and prayed half the day" (on board ship) "and had a good time with the consciousness of Jesus' presence with me. It seemed so easy the rest of the day to say a few words in season to giddy young people as

I came in contact with them. A good many left our ship and went on shore. We had a beautiful ride through the Inland Sea to Kobe, only it was made in the night mostly."

"One party whom I had often noticed but never spoke to left the ship at Kobe, an elderly, plain looking woman with a daughter and son and friends. They had seemed very exclusive. But Sunday noon, as I stood looking out of the window, she passed near me and I made a remark to her, whereupon we entered into conversation and she became very much interested in my work though I only talked with her a few minutes. Later, after lunch, just as she was going to leave the ship, she came and slipped two gold sovereigns (about \$10) into my hand and said, "This is for your work. You won't mind, will you?" I don't know her name even."

"Tomorrow is Sunday and I have been all alone praying. Would that God would enable me to always live as His child before all, that He might use me."

Her answer to a friend on being expostulated with on attempting to fill too many engagements was, "It doesn't hurt the bird to sing, the flower to yield its fragrance, or the water to flow!—If we have Christ's nature, He can use us without our drawing on our own vitality."

"I have been reading Acts this morning, and waiting on God in my mind. I desire more definiteness in my work 'Know assuredly.' I suppose Acts is one of the best workers' books."

"I must be patient and seek greater preparation for my work. I do not lose sight of the one thought that God must prepare me to become a soul winner. There is great deadness and much heathenism in America. The need of a world-wide revival is great. O let us never be satisfied with anything short of Christ within."

"Life is precious for His sake. Just to be a channel for His grace and living waters to reach other souls."

She writes in beautiful California: "I am sitting on the verandah here. Orange trees in front of me. A beautiful pepper tree, like a willow tree, on one side. A rose bush growing up over the side of the house; geraniums, pink and red, all about me. A grape vine on a trellis, birds singing. But I would give it all for Bhot and a tent."

A premonition that she would never see her home-land is shown in these lines. "I am eager to be back again in my old homes. I'm tired of so much wandering, though I truly never expect to do it again."

May 22, 1905. "I am 45 years old today. Now I turn down the shady side of life. May I walk with the Sun of Righteousness and hence my Sun shall no more go down."

ON TO TIBET

An advance was made into Tibet during the year 1905. In 1904 the British Government had sent a mission to Tibet to settle some trade disputes. As the Tibetans would not treat with the English on the border it became necessary for the expedition to march on to Lhasa. Thus was Tibet brought into contact with the outer world and could never again be as exclusive as she had been heretofore.

Miss Reed spent a part of 1905 up in Bhot and rendered much assistance. Miss Sullivan stayed two months with Miss Browne during the summer and accompanied her up to Tibet. The presence of the British in Tibet the year before had paved the way and the journey up to Taklakot, the trading post, was performed without let or hindrance. Permission was sought and obtained to go on up further to the beautiful lake Mansarowar, "The most holy and the most famous of all the lakes of the world, the goal of countless Hindu pilgrim's welfare and desire, a like which has been celebrated in religious hymns ever since the time of the Vedas, and a like which even by the followers of the Lamas is looked upon as the home of the gods." Sven Hedin.

This country, where also is situated Mount Kailas, the Olympus of the Vedas, was seen for the first time by white women. "I was often near

weeping for joy at the sight of this wonderful landscape of surpassing grandeur."

"How came Mansarowar and Kailas to become objects of divine worship in two so different religions as Hinduism and Lamaism, if each in its own special way did not appeal to and impress the human mind by its marvelous beauty, and did not seem to be rather a part of heaven than of earth?" Sven Hedin.

The ladies met with nothing but kindness and friendliness from the Tibetans, though many of those encountered had the appearance of savage Red Indians, barring the feathers.

April 6, 1906. "Arrived Dharchula. I left Dharchula Dec. 4, 1904. I have since been around the world. Miss Reed was awaiting us with tea in the little room."

Miss Reed kindly officiated at Dharchula thru the winter months while Miss Browne went down to the plains for a holiday and to meet Dr. Sheldon.

April 9. "Went to Dharchula. Found a lot of sick people. What burdens they carry without Christ."

May 1. "A lot of Tibetans came asking us to give something to offer up. This is the great festival year of the Tibetans and we can't go up. This occurs once in 12 years and is called the 'Horse Year.'"

Miss Reed stayed on till May 28th and helped in building and other work.

May 6. "Visited the family of a carpenter,

an enquirer, and three other families. Lord, put the burden of their souls upon me. Help me to care for the spiritual welfare of all with whom I come in contact."

The chapel was being re-roofed this year.

May 28. "Incamp, Jyonti. Miss Reed came down from Chaudas on her way to Pithoragarh. Had breakfast together. We have enjoyed her stay with us and she has helped us much with books and in other ways."

The Christians dependent on the Mission, the uneducated ones, were engaged in farm work, cultivating the fields on the mission property, growing fruit trees and in maintaining the cattle that supplied milk and butter and that were used in farming.

Grain was given in exchange for fruit by the Bhotiyas and these also gave rice, ata, etc. for the medicine which was supplied them. They were famed for their hospitality but the great drain on them by Tibetan and Hindy mendicants and others and their trade not bringing them in the returns it formerly did has made them less open handed.

On account of the work on the church Miss Browne went alone this year on a two months tour through Biyas and Darma, accompanied by a few native Christians.

Sept. 30. "Beautiful day! Went to upper Sirdang with Bible pictures. Showed them to large audiences. Weddings and festivals these days. Dissipation and drinking and gambling."

October 2. "Interesting experiences bringing the ridge pole of the church with drums, etc. The Sirdang villagers helped us, and it came along, 'over bog and fen,' in martial style."

Nov. 6. "Work on church. More than half covered now. We are racing with the threatening clouds. Nice work is being done. Read of the River of Ezekiel. A River of Healing, flow thou among us."

As the Jubilee of the Methodist Episcopal church in India was to be celebrated at the Annual Conference in January, 1907—

Nov. 30. Dr. Sheldon and Miss Browne started for the plains with two or three Christian servants and Thangiel, the first Tibetan boy baptized in the Mission.

When nearing the end of the journey, Dr. Sheldon prayed—

Dec. 18. "May God pour out his Spirit upon us at Haldwani. May our Christian servants and Thangiel be kept."

Dr. Sheldon had suffered very poor health for two or three years and during this Conference was sometimes so ill that she was confined to her tent.

After visiting and resting on the plains, when back again at Huldwani at the foot of the hills, she writes:

Feb. 9, 1907. "I am learning patience. My heart is in the hills with our people. On the way up, visited at Chandag with Miss Reed and met

Miss Lovell of Jerusalem, who taught us the Braille system of teaching the blind. She is herself in charge of a blind school in Jerusalem.

"One of the most valuable lay workers at Dharchula is a blind man who has also lost his lower limbs. He learned both the Moon and the Braille systems and is able to write letters in the latter."

March 2, 1907. "On the way. A cloudless day. Lovely view of the snows all day. Our snows! Met many of our people in camp or on the march. So glad to hear their boli (language), like my own mother tongue. God prepare me."

March 6. "Stopping on the way to work among the Darma Bhotiyas, for we shall not come this way again perhaps this year. Patients have come to us, and today I visited the Kheras and Eva examined the boys school, not much of a school."

At Dharchula the days were full of service.

March 22. "Rained all night and all day. Heavy! I am heavy, too, and failed in temper today. So sorry! God cares more that I should be ruled by His Spirit of peace than that I should do many things. He cares more that I should love more than work, no fret."

Thangiel's mother Bhundan had been the leading Tibetan Christian in Bhot. Her mother-in-law lay dying at Dharchula. She was not a Christian.

March 26. "Went to Dharchula with Thangiel. Visited his dying grandmother. She has given Thangiel to me—affecting."

Dr. Sheldon's health had greatly improved so she was able to write.

April 24. "Felt so well today, but it doesn't do to depend on the flesh."

April 29. A little boy, son of the workers, had suffered greatly with an abscess on his leg. Dr. Sheldon had lanced it with success, and prayed "O just to be as Christ was, a God-sent one, to needy souls and bodies!"

June 24. "Felt the charm of folks as I went out to the villages."

Aug. 11. "A good sermon tonight on 'Imitation and Real.' God grant that we may know Christ by a real experience. Let me get low and humble to receive the blessing. Emptied!"

Aug. 15. "I took the Class Meeting. Why when I take a meeting, am I so dry and hard?"

Aug. 16. "A good league. Much revival talk but not much experience. O to be emptied!"

Aug. 27. "Began tract (Bhotiya) for publication in the Hindi character, Bhotiya Songs, etc. Feel that faith is all in all in a perfect Christ, not I but Christ."

Occasional visitors passed through Chaudas and communication with them was a welcome break. These were mostly officials connected with the Government.

Sept. 8. "A red letter day. A nice visit from Mr. Cassels, I. C. S., of Ramirhet. He has just returned from Tibet, visited Lake Mansarowur, Rakas Tal, Cyanima, etc. Came near meeting

Sven Hedin, who was on the other side of Rakas Tal."

Miss Browne left on a short visit home.

Nov. 4. "I am alone now but Jesus has said, 'I will never leave thee not forsake thee.' O Jesus, make me worthy of Thy company."

Nov. 6. "After a rather sleepless night, a dry day, but prayer has won the victory. All are good to me. I love all."

Dec. 1. Dharchula. "God water my soul and may I make His 'Kingdom and righteousness first!' my motto for this Dharchula year."

Dec. 23. "A good meeting. The Spirit of the Lord present. Very busy in the day time. I have sweet waking moments with my Lord at day-break."

Dec. 29. "Rather a dry day, but I waited on the Lord after service, caught a vision of the 'lost sheep', carried by the Great Shepherd on the Cross, down into the grave, and with Him up into the heavenly places, praise the Lord! That sheep is myself, all humanity."

January 1, 1907. "Had a good Watch Night service. Victory is in the air. O my Lord, keep me depending on Thee, and make me renounce myself."

February 4, 1908. "Miss Means and some Bible Readers were at Dharchula for a few days. There were seven baptisms, among them Motima, daughter of Dhanwa, carpenter."

Feb. 5. "Rather a sleepless night. Motima



THANGILL AND THE BHOT BANNER
EPWORTH LEAGUE PROCESSION

slept with the Bible readers, but this morning her people took her away and she has not been among us today."

Feb. "Motima is now to be fed by us, to be taken into the 'boarding.'"

Frequently large mass meetings were held on the Dharchula plain, midway and between the Kheras. About five Biyas villages are represented on this plain. Each is settled in a Khera. Bhotiya etiquette forbids the people of one Khera frequenting the others, hence a meeting in one would not be attended by people from the other Kheras, though only a few yards distant. Fortunately there is a large empty space right in the midst of all the Kheras to which all are free to come.

Sometimes the subject of the mass meetings was Temperance because of the drink habits of the people. High caste Hindus often took part.

March 9. "Temperance meeting on the plain in Dharchula. The Pashkar and others came and made speeches, good ones, on the evils of drink."

April 6. "Today Godoli's child was born, Kutial, father, Chaitwa of Garbiyal. Ramang child. The mother has tumor on face."

One of the most evil of all the Bhotiya customs is the Ramang. The Ramangs are club houses where girls meet and spend the whole night. After a girl has attained the age of 12 or 14 years she seldom spends the night at home. The young men wait for the darkness and hie them to whichever Ramang has the greatest attraction for

them and spend the night in joking, drinking and carousing. Among Bhotiyas etiquette forbids the freedom of the villages but this does not apply to the Ramangs. They are not considered houses of ill fame, rather a meeting place where presumably the girls spend the night spinning.

A Bhotiya girl cannot afford to give up the whole night to sleep. Most of her spinning is done at that time and probably she never slumbers longer than two or three hours before the day breaks and calls her forth to her numerous duties. She is one of the hardest working girls on earth, and her life would be a dull monotonous grind but for the relaxation that each evening brings.

Still the evil results of this custom and the crime connected with it are appalling. Needless to say, there is hardly a virtuous girl in Bhot and the Ramangs are responsible for the taking of the life of many an illegitimate offspring. It is from these houses young men steal their brides.

April 7 "Went to a Ramang case, Godoli's, who is dying of cancer. Has a Ramang child. If no one takes it I have offered to take it. Jesus!"

April 8. "Visited Godoli. Not willing her child should come. 'All right. Keep it if you can raise it. Only don't kill it.'"

April 9. "Today Godoli and her mother said, 'Take the child,' so Bhundan brought it up here this evening." This was the beloved little Beulah.

At Chaudas the Sunday services were held in the little chapel that was now quite ready for use,

and now it was thought necessary to build a small, two storied hospital. Bhotiyas and Tibetans, on their way up and down to their summer or winter homes, often fell ill on the way and stayed a few days at the mission to be treated. There was no place for their accomodation. A tent had to be used or a room in the bungalow.

June 14. "Sermon on, 'Walking in the Light.' God make me a patient and kind and loving mother to all charges. O that His grace might abound! May His Spirit avail."

Gifts for the hospital had been received and in July the work of levelling a site was commenced.

August 11. "Looked after workmen. O when will that great stone be levelled and the foundation laid? Patience! I must do good work."

Bhotiya women and their offspring are very hardy as will be seen from the following incident, which is not a solitary case, but the usual manner of proceeding:

August 22. "Called to Soso, to confinement case. Woman had her baby in the yard, out in the rain, and walked into the house with it herself and washed it in cold water! A plump baby girl."

Though contact with the outer world was both necessary and advisable, Dr. Sheldon felt she could not undertake the long, arduous and expensive journey to the plains every winter. This year she was away nearly two and a half months.

A part of the time was spent itinerating in the Bareilly district with a missionary friend.

March 3, 1909. Dharchula. "Today held a special service 'pari'" (across the river) "with the Nepauli lieutenant, and his people. Had about 100 present. Gave out gospels in Nepauli and Hindi."

Some progress had been made on the hospital of Chaudas but there was still no place for the sick.

April 23. "Today came a big Tibetan family in the rain; father totally blind (with cataract), wife ill. Very ill-chronic diarrhoea, three little children, all aenemic. Took them all in to Rest Cottage, I. H. N." This was a little one-room house built off from the bungalow as a retreat.

The woman and smallest child died. The man had an operation performed on one eye with success. The family became Christians but the father was so heart broken over the death of his dear ones that he felt he must go on to Tibet. He promised to return but has never been near the mission again.

June 13. "Visited Sirkha with Sarwali. Had prayer meeting, in my heart a throne and a cross. Our place is on the cross. Christ's place is on the throne."

July 5. "Sought the Lord, but I must be more persistent, more steady and true to my Heavenly Bridegroom. May I be a match-maker for Him."

The Epworth League was carried on faithfully every week and was, perhaps, the meeting

in which the Christian community took most interest. It was a unique league, being composed of Tibetans, Nepaulese and Pahari. Exercises were rendered in these languages as well as in English and Hindustani. It was held in the veranda of the mission bungalow, facing the eternal snows at a height of 9,000 feet. Perhaps the highest league in the world. There are frequent references in Dr. Sheldon's diaries to the questions that were discussed, e. g.: "Whether girl's brains were superior to boy's."

"Whether we should, as Christians, enter closed lands without the permission of their governments or not?"

"Whether work could be carried on best thru married or unmarried workers?"

That the very ignorant ones and children might take part, such simple subjects as these were assigned:

"Which are the more useful, hands or feet?"

"Which is more dangerous, a tiger or a snake?"

A good newspaper was generally prepared that the church in that remote corner might be kept a little in touch with the outside world.

July 11. "A Red Letter Day. Sunam and wife (Tibetans) and Har Singh were baptized. Appropriate passages from the Tibetan New Testament were read."

Two run-away matches this year caused much humiliation and suffering.

Aug. 11. "Heard first thing this morning

Maina (a newly baptized girl) had run away with Arjaniya. In the afternoon the best cow fell over a precipice."

The other run-away match was Thangiel, the pride and hope of the mission. The worst and most distressing fact connected with these run-away matches was that these girls were already married, one to a Mohomedan and the other to a Hindu. One had been married as a child and had never lived with her husband. The husband of the other girl did not wish to keep her; still legal marriages could not be performed until divorces had been obtained. It was some months before the two couples could be united.

In a country where it was the custom for young men to obtain their wives by force these youths could not be expected to feel much compunction, but they had to learn from bitter experience that marriage among Christians was a more serious undertaking.

Aug. 20. "A Red Letter Day for Dhanwa, his wife and two little girls were baptized."

Miss Browne and her sister had spent the summer with Dr. Sheldon. They left at the end of August and after this Dr. Sheldon was alone most of the time till her death.

In her big hearted way Dr. Sheldon had undertaken the support of all who had become Christians and it became more and more difficult to provide for them. During this Autumn there were many anxious days when there was not the where-with-all to feed the people. Fruit and other

things were exchanged for grain and small gifts came in which relieved the situation.

Oct. 2. "League. Discussed whether man is helped more by poverty or riches? I was on the poverty side and well I might be!"

Oct. 11. "Magic lantern among many Lohars (blacksmiths, considered low caste) in Sirkha. Used the village drum. Had a fine sing. There is hope here."

Oct. 14. "Tibetans visited us this morning. Fear I was too engrossed with my own people to give them a spirited message. Oh, Spirit of crucifixion, slay me and my carnality!"

(Here is inserted a circular letter, such as Dr. Sheldon was accustomed to send her friends from time to time. F. S. S.)

"Thou wilt show me the path of life;
in Thy presence is fulness of joy." Psa. 16:11.

Chaudas, Khela, P. O. Almora
October 20th, 1909.

My Dear Friends:

GREETINGS from your sister in the snow-covered Himalayas!

I have come away from the bungalow with its many interruptions out upon the sunny mountainside that I might commune with you a while. I thought of writing an irrelevant annual letter again, about the pleasures of my mission life in the hills.

First there are, as you know, some peculiar

pleasures in the location of our two mission homes in Dharchula and Chaudas. I have the advantage of two beautiful climates for summer and winter—with wonderful scenery.

One never tires of mountains. Just now ours are browning under the frosts, but the rich, green firs remain the same. Some of them are garlanded now with red and yellow creepers, and gleam in the autumn sun as I write. On the treeless grassy mountainside, opposite me, Bhotiya women are cutting grass with their tiny sickles, to carry home and stack up for winter use. They are singing as they cut a weird "pahiri" (hill) song, with a streak of sadness in it, for they have no pleasure beyond the physical, and they have found out, I think, as a race, that physical pleasures (though they keenly pursue them) are fleeting, "like the snowflake on the river, a moment white, then gone forever!"

We seek to open up to them intellectual and spiritual pleasures. Progress is slow, but some is being made. Girls are beginning to attend school in greater numbers, etc.

To go back to the grass. These grassy mountains are divided up among the villagers and they jealously watch over them, although really as unmeasured land, they have no legal rights in them. There are plenty of other grassy meadows and slopes where cattle may graze during the summer in common, and our cattle have plenty of grass till the frosts come. Although we move with our cattle to Dharchula, yet it is desirable

to leave some grass stacked up here, for early use in summer or for rainy days. So in the fall we usually send out for grass to dry and put away. One day lately, Dolma (a new Tibetan convert) and Surperba (a Nepalese convert) were cutting, when some Bhotiyas began to expostulate with them, saying they were cutting their grass. An influential Bhotiya (Mani by name) stepped up and said, "Let them have the grass. The Miss Sahiba took care of me when I was sick and I recovered! Let them have the grass!"

This same Bhotiya on his return from Tibet presented us with a fat "ratong" (a small Tibetan goat with silky hair.) We had not had meat for a long time, and this was very acceptable to all our folks.

This incident illustrates the pleasures of doctoring. If ten are healed, one at least, is sure to come gratefully back and lay his "salaams" at our feet. Just the other day a poor Tibetan woman stopped my horse and gave me a lot of perfumed, or rather savory "jumbo," to season "dal" (vegetables) with. She said in Tibetan, "You gave my child medicine last year, and it recovered." It is a delight to help poorly-fed babies with our abundant milk and butter, and to give people a taste of the products of our garden—vegetables and fruit. And this brings me to the pleasures of farming! Our Bhotiyas are keen farmers for bread and trade purposes, but they know little of the value of fruit and vegetables.

This year hundreds of guavas have been

brought up from our well pruned trees in Dhar-chula. The surplus of these we have sent out into the villages to exchange for what we lacked in flour, rice, salt or dal (peas). I hardly dare to tell you how many mouths I have tried to fill this summer. For two months over thirty, twice per day, were fed from our "godown" (pantry) patients, Christians, school children, widows and babies.

I will quote a little from my prosaic diary:

April 23. "Today came a big Tibetan family in the cold rain. Father, totally blind with cataracts; wife, very ill with chronic diarrhoea, and three little children, one little boy and two girls—one of whom is but a baby. All are very anaemic."

Of these after baptism (at the dying mother's request) the mother and baby Lamo, after a lingering illness, died. The father's name was Samvil. He was operated on later for cataract successfully.

Another entry, July 19th. "Sunam and wife and Samvil and his two surviving children, Chhe-chu (girl) and Dorje (boy), after prayer with us, all started off today to Tibet."

Sunam was a dropsical Tibetan patient, who recovered. He could read Tibetan. He and his little wife also were baptized into Christ's name. These five were accustomed to live by trading in Tibet and in India. We did our best by them and then let them go on to earn their living in their own way. We expect to see them again.

August 8th. "Taught Patwari. Went to villages of Sirdang and Tija with peaches, safety-pins, etc. Got in quite a lot of dal, rice, flour and peppers. People are friendly. A patient gave us nice ears of green corn, which we boiled for the children, for the pantry was pretty well scraped out."

So our "shop," as I called it, once and again helped us over our hard places, and always there were our fine potato fields, where the great tubers came tumbling out of the rich loam as though some providential hand had placed them there! We are trying Cassava (yams) in Dharchula, our warm place this winter.

Just now there are only seventeen fed daily from our "godown," as some of the school children have gone home on vacation; others left us. This number (seventeen) includes our fascinating baby Beulah who patters about on her sturdy feet following me here and there. She is filled with thoughts of helping me, and understands much. She tries to drag in wood for the open fire-place, etc. In meetings she must have her book or paper, or woe to her neighbors! She does not believe in long prayers and is learning to say "Amen" at the beginning now. In this "Dulcie," the restless rat-terrier, agrees with her. Indeed, they are a pair!

These short fall days I have been pressing the farm work vigorously during the day, having the fields sowed down to winter grain, the apple and peach trees, etc., trimmed and manured, having

rich loam brought from under the great firs and spread upon the potato fields, pulling and drying mulis (turnips), etc., etc. I am very grateful for the seed sent me this year, though excessive rains did not permit the usual fruitage. However, if one sowing failed, you had only to keep on sowing to succeed in the end. I have often thought there was a spiritual analogy in this.

If we keep sowing in spiritual things, why some seed, some time, is bound to germinate and bear fruit for eternity. Of course God's promises (as some one has said) are not dated, and one can't tell what sowing will be successful. So one must keep right on sowing—and oh, the joy of harvesting!

One may be a doctor, a farmer, but a missionary, perforce must be a teacher. There are pleasures in teaching. To help shape living stones for Christ's Temple, is a royal, joyous work. God help us, as Rev. J. H. Jowett says, to always see THE HALO about the child whom we are to instruct. Ay, and God help us, too, to keep our own halo of purity and sweetness before these "little ones," lest we be a stumbling block to them, and become "hammerers" instead of teachers!

Then there is the pleasure that comes to me through the way of the tiny native post office. For months this is my only contact with the throbbing, changing world outside. I feel the springtide of helpfulness from the Young People's movements, from the Laymen's movements, from Revivals in far away Korea. I feel the rocking of

the North Pole when Cook and Peary touch it on two sides! I can feel the biting wind that blows into Lieutenant Shackleton's face as he hastens towards the South Pole; and I am reminded that fair, wooded Nepal and bleak, wind-swept Tibet lie almost wholly unevangelized. Right here in Bhot, there are new worlds to conquer for Christ's Kingdom. Here the nations mingle. What an opportunity for reaching those who can reach their own! Bhot needs teachers, doctors, preachers. Come, sow yourself in this rich soil and bear fruit for the Master. (Jo. 12:24)—"If it die, it beareth much fruit."

Now I must stop. I thank you all my dear doctor friends, my dear missionary friends and relative friends, and all other friends for your help and prayers, I increasingly need them. How much, only the Master knows.

God bless you all, too. Let us take time to commune together at the Throne of grace. Evan Roberts says: "To guide truly, the leader must have the 'Throne-Vision,' must know the Cross, and be far above all; and 'from the heavenly places' see the church as a whole."

All our interests, our home spun, common affairs are related to God and His purposes for the salvation of the world.

I remain, with abiding love,

Your friend and sister in Christ,

Martha A. Sheldon.

In December, at Dharchula, Dr. Sheldon was much helped by a visit from Miss Reed.

Dec. 9. "Miss Reed wound us all up. She did us a lot of good."

Each year at Christmas special efforts were made to reach and interest the people. The Christmas doings this year are described in the following circular letter written by Dr. Sheldon:

"I will open rivers on the bare heights"

Dharchula, Jan. 6, 1910.

Dear Friends:

We had three days of Christmas doings in Dharchula, Friday, Saturday and Monday. The glorious Christmas rains on Saturday and Sunday but added joy and zest to the pleasures of the season.

Christmas Eve, we had a Christmas tree on the veranda. There were dolls and picture books on it from an American box which arrived just in time, though it was packed in May. There were warm jackets upon it for the women and girls, and caps for the boys, sent by our thoughtful friend, Mary Reed, whose flying visit to us in the first week in December was in itself a Christmas gift to us all. We had games on the lawn, and then a short Christmas discourse on the names of Christ. How many and blessed they are! Then at dusk the colored candles, also supplied by Miss Reed, were lit and the tree stripped of its fruit.

Saturday, in spite of the rain, all assembled for the Christmas dinner. Some 60 or more Chris-

tians were present, but these did not include one family up in the snow at Chaudas and one worker's family at Bulwakot.

The conventional dinner in Bhot is a fat goat and plenty of rice, with a nice lime chutney. All this we had, and thanked the Giver. Our oranges we decided to save for a treat for the Bhotiya children on the first fair day.

Monday dawned clear so all was stir and bustle at the bungalow. After an early breakfast the procession of Christians was formed with banners and mottoes and starry wands in the hands of sixteen children who took part in a dialogue upon the Star, including the prophecy, "There shall come forth a star out of Jacob," (Num. 24:17.) Verses were recited upon the Star of Bethlehem and upon the "Morning Star" mentioned in Revelations, concluding with Daniel 12:3, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

This starry dialogue was given in four places, first in the Mohomedan shop quarter, then before the highest native official in Bhot, Jagat Singh, Peshkar, who with his men were en route for Askote. He had remained in Dharchula over Christmas Day, because I had invited him to do so. He sent me a nice platter of Christmas fruit. We gave scrap books and dolls to his family.

After that party passed on we repaired to a big thatched roof on the middle of a plain in Dharchula. The gong was rung and soon we had a big crowd. Verses and speeches, the starry dialogue, and songs were rendered. Then after

prayer the oranges and picture cards (from U. S. A.) were distributed. Bhotiya children are not used to fruit, but they appreciated the oranges and fruit all the more. One of our most saintly Christians in Bhot is Dhani Ram, our blind and crippled watchman. He can not rise upon his feet, but sitting, he delivered his experience with power.

After we had concluded the program and had dismissed the audience, who should turn up but the Lieutenant (judge) from the Nepaul side! He had crossed in the cage swing over the rope bridge from Nepaul. I have been acquainted with him and his family for two years. I had sent him an invitation but did not expect him to be able to attend. So again the bell was rung and the program (abbreviated) was again gone through with. A doll was presented to his little girl who is about as old as our baby Beulah.

Now the sun was sinking in the west, but we paid a visit to the paralyzed Bhotiya, Tanjan. He helps us in our translations. We gave him oranges and pictures. He fell from a tree some years ago and is paralyzed from his waist down. He is not a Christian.

New Year's Eve we held Watch Night at the bungalow. There were many present who had become Christians only this year. Pray that they may receive the baptism of the Spirit and grow from light to light.

With love and gratitude,

I remain, your friend,

M. A. Sheldon.

INVITATION TO TIBET

No part of the medical work had made a greater impression on the people than the operations for cataract. How wonderful it seemed to them that one who had been totally blind should be able to see well enough to work and to walk about everywhere. The fame of these operations had spread up to Tibet, naturally, for some of the patients had been Tibetans. This became one of the means by which the long closed door into Tibet was opened by the people themselves.

Henceforth the missionaries were to go as invited guests.

Jan. 15, 1910. "Pandit Gobariya has invited me to Taklakot to operate on cataracts there." This man is a kind of chief among the Bhotiyas and has influence with the British as well as with the Nepalese and Tibetan governments.

In February a visit was paid to the friends in Shor. With no co-worker the burden of the work was very heavy. How great were the discouragements, the crosses and the loneliness none will ever know. Her letters to the end show a cheerful and buoyant spirit. The little ones, especially Beulah, were a source of comfort.

May 4. Chaudas. "As I write Beulah and Bachhuli are having races in the room and laughing and playing. It is so sweet to see Beulah laugh and play that I endure their racket."

May 21. "I have been celebrating my birthday. Yesterday Gangua brought up a goat. It was a splendid big fellow. Had 51 Christians to

breakfast. Then they gave me verses to remember from the Bible, nice ones too; they read them. Then we had games.

June 7. "Started today for Biyas Bhot and, perhaps, Tibet."

An account of the work accomplished on this trip was printed for circulation and is quoted in full.

"ITINERATING IN BHOT AND TIBET"

Our clinical professor used to say that notes taken at the time were more valuable and interesting than notes written afterward. Hence I will write from my notes.

June 7, '10. A red letter day. Started at last on work I love, out among the villages, with four Christians, Rati Bhan, his Tibetan wife, Bhundan, Marquis and Motiya, young men of Nepalese extraction and nine coolies. Toiled up a great mountain and walked down it. Ate bread and gravy and drank tea beside the road. Here in Gala at a small rest house. I have my bed on the veranda.

Bhundun is talking with a poor Tibetan woman who has carried a heavy load many miles and is now returning to her sick son, who is in camp below. Night has overtaken her, so we are feeding her satu (parched grain ground) and ghi. She took water from our hands, saying that the Tibetans took everything else from the English, grain, cloth, gur, etc., and why should she stop

at water! Years ago she said, I had given a book (gospel) to her son.

She is now telling a story to Bhundan that some English soldiers came into her town near Lhasa. There was a gomba, monastery there, and five big lamas. Three of them flew up out of sight. And then it began to rain hail upon the invading army. The hail contained needles; these needles pierced the heads of the soldiers and came out at the neck. So the soldiers fled and the lamas who had done this miracle returned. No doubt this story refers to the invasion of Lhasa by Col. Younghusband. The Tibetans try to prove the superiority of their lamas.

June 8. Breakfast at Najang. After crossing the dreaded Nirpaniya, where one has to walk most of the way up and down stone staircases above the roaring Kali, camped at Malipa. Here are dharmasalas, stone built rooms for natives. It is a post stopping place also. I told the post runners that I would give them baksheesh (pay) for bringing up from Chaudas fruit and vegetables that our Pandit there might send. They were very willing.

June 9. Lemari for breakfast. It had rained a little in the night, so the tents were wet and the road slippery. I kept on the extra cooley from Gala. I had two horses with me, Lama and Roy. I rode Roy. Lama, who was a little weak on his legs, carried a single "pal" (tent covering).

Coming up a dreadful hill above Matipa, I was ahead, pulling on Roy's tail when I could, when

Rati Bhan came running up behind me black in the face, saying "Lama girgaya" (Lama has fallen). R. B. was leading the horse and Motiya, the cook boy, was holding his tail trying to steady him. The horse slipped and twisted his hind legs, and off he went over the precipice into the jungle below at the water's edge. So glad I am that no human lives were lost that I could praise God for the loss of an animal. Poor bereft Roy, the second horse, felt his loss very much and kept calling for his mate. Later a Bhotiya ventured down and brought up the tent and the broken saddle.

That day also, as "Roy" was picking his way through a flock of loaded sheep in a narrow place, his leg threw off a goat and his load into the greedy Kali below! Though not obliged to pay for an accident, I promised the almost weeping owner Rs 4 for his sheep. He said it was worth 8. He was not a Bhotiya but a farmer who had learned to trade as the Bhotiyas do.

We must learn from these accidents to watch and pray more steadfastly that Satan may not get the advantage of us and hinder our work.

June 13. Spent three days in the large village of Budi. This is rather a neglected village, for the inhabitants in the winter season go to Des-thal, Nepal, to pass the winter. There is no school here. The headman asked for a teacher. We had a good opportunity to work, spending a Sunday here. Expect our preacher Khivilia up from Chaudas soon. In his absence Marquis the sais, and Motiya, my faithful cook-boy, helped me and

Bhundan tell the message. I give them parables and miracles to read and con over. It is really remarkable how well they do. When the higher lights are absent, the lower lights have a chance.

Later. Today came on to the largest Bhotiya village of Biyas, Garbiyang. We climbed a lofty mountain emerging onto a broad, green, flower-decked plateau. We are up about 10,500 feet now. O, the joy, after several years, of revisiting these familiar spots! Bhundan, too, is happy as a girl. She picked greens to cook and eat and enjoyed the sights after many years.

We had our breakfast by a clear mountain stream from the melting snow above us.

June 14. We only spent one night in Garbiyang. A Bhotiya lad's father and mother (Dulip Singh's whom I have been teaching English in Chaudas) were very kind to us, giving us rice, dried meat, ghi, provender for the horse, etc. The old man said this very year he had lost a valuable Jhupu (half-breed yak) over that very place. He hoped I would represent the matter to the government and get the road properly repaired.

June 16. Nabalchhe, a Bhotiya village. I am now edging towards Tibet with my own coolies, though they will not be sufficient for the pass. A Bhotiyan woman, a tubercular patient of mine whom I had treated in Dharchula, died after reaching her home here. Today in the village I saw a beautiful yak tied up in the yard. This is for the funeral exercises. The yak will represent the deceased and be fed with rice and liquor and

gayly clothed. A piece of bone from the deceased will at that time be tied upon it that the spirit of the deceased may enter it.

These yaks are bought up in Tibet. Just now I saw another yak being led by for the funeral of an acquaintance of mine in Chaudas. I spoke to the bare headed men leading the yak past our tent. They reported the pass open, though there was much snow, for it is early to cross. Later some wild looking Dokpas (Tibetan traders) swung by on their ponies. They were returning to Tibet. I sent word by them that I was coming over. I heard that my patients were inquiring when I was coming.

June 15. It rained all day. Quiet in camp.

June 16. Today visited Gwinji Bhotiya village, pulled teeth, gave medicine, etc. Got some rich goat's milk this morning. Enjoy it much. My verse this morning: "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." My coolies are grinding their grain.

June 17. Broke camp at Nabalchhe and started for Tibet. I was expecting Rev. Khwilia Wilkinson and saved some breakfast for him. He turned up just as we were about to start, with a coolie carrying his load, a basket and bedding. We are encamped for the night among pines. In one place we had to cross a snow bridge over a mountain torrent. The servants were looking for a camping place, so I was leading the horse when the snow broke under him. He plunged out,

stepped on my dress, and leaped lightly over my prostrate form. I wasn't hurt at all and jumped up, to Bhundan's delight. An old patient of mine who was plowing his land across the river, recognizing us, rushed down to the river and threw a leg of mutton across. This Motiya picked up, and we all had a meat supper—an infrequent event with us lately.

We passed the empty mission house built by Dr. Harkwa Wilson, some 15 or 16 years ago. Alas that it should stand empty on the highway to Tibet! It was well built in the first place, and the house and place, if occupied by an enterprising foreign missionary family, could be greatly improved and much work carried on among the Bhotiyas and Tibetans during the beautiful summer months. In the winter the missionary could move down to the edge of the plains with the Bhotiyas who go yearly down. Where is the brave young couple who will undertake this work in a good climate and among hearty, honest, though Satan bound people?

Received from home Chaudas, from the pandit, vegetables, butter and jam, and doughnuts in a separate bag brought up by the mail runners. Received also unexpected money from friends of the mission of the plains. This encourages me to think God is with us in persevering in going on. It is very difficult for coolies to carry loads over lofty passes in the mountains. So I have engaged two yaks and two Bhotiyas to help us over the Lipu Pass, which is considerably over 16,000 feet.

We also have to take over wood to cook with from our next halting place. The two Bhotiyas who go with me are a man and his "sister." She is an old gray-haired maid, whom I once treated when she was very ill. She has never forgotten it and always helps and entertains us when we are in Biyas Bhot. Her name is Shenshino. Her brother's name is Man Singh.

June 19. Kala Pani, "Black Water," from a broad clear stream that gushes out from the foot of a precipice. This is one of the sources of the Ganges. Here our men cut wood, pine and birch, to carry over the pass. Had S. S. and breakfast together, tinned Australian meat and "dal bhat" (rice and split peas). After breakfast rode about a mile to another camp of Khampas (trading Tibetans from below.)

Hired a Huniya to help our men catch the yaks which had been promised to carry our loads. These yaks were loose with others in one of the many beautiful expansive grazing valleys of Bhot. They are half wild and often only a Tibetan can catch and subdue them. They were brought in in the evening and tied by their nose rings. Shenshino and Man Singh also turned up.

June 20. After an early breakfast we made up our loads and started on. The morning fogs of the heavy rains below cleared up and disclosed a fine view of the snowy peaks ahead of us. Around us were green mountains. We were not the only cavalcade marching up. There were wealthy Bhotiya traders going over early on horseback

from Kute and Gwinji. They open fine shops in their temporary stone walled but tent roofed houses in Tibet. Better shops than we have anywhere this side of Almora, I think, for the Bhotiyas ransack the plains for their goods to sell to the Tibetans who come great distances to trade at Taklakot. Most of these Bhotiyas have guns, and that evening a good marksman shot a deer, which he divided among all who were camped in his vicinity. Motiya, my cook-boy makes nice muffins for me with Paisley flour. At this place are several stone rest houses. I preferred my tent as usual. Had visitors in the afternoon, to whom I talked and gave the message and sold some gospel portions.

June 21. Pala, Tibet. I was up in the cold freezing morning. One of the yaks had crossed the roaring river to the opposite side during the night. Man Singh had great difficulty in catching him. Had to drive all the cattle across and him with them. My men's loads were light, but they thought them heavy enough. Provided most of them with something to tie around their heads and ears. My bedding, bed, and tent all went on one yak; the other carried our precious wood (which we made last us about 20 days).

Bhundun, my Tibetan Bible reader, walked pluckily over the pass. We were very early and there seemed fields and fields of snow to cross, some of it very treacherous on the edges. Often I could not ride. However did not suffer from nausea as I usually do. It was a comfort to keep

in sight of the Bhotiyas on their horses. They stopped to drink liquor and wondered at our abstinence.

On the farther side there was more snow; of course we have to walk down over it. What a relief to reach the plateau below! In one place very steep and icy I tobogganned down on my stout American shoes. Below in a gleam of sunshine we ate a little bread and "satu" (parched grain ground). Now the streams flow in an opposite direction to water the fields about Taklakot.

We are now camped in the sunshine at Pala. Here also are dharmshalas (stone rest houses). Servants and coolies are glad of their shelter from the sweeping winds of Tibet. I am in my tent. Thought upon the text "God will have all men to be saved." Tibetans are not excepted! Had visits from Chowkidars watchmen. Said we must get a written permit from the Jongpen (Raja at Taklakot) before they would allow us to go on. We had much talk and decided to send Rati Bhan, Bhundan's husband, and a cooley early in the morning to negotiate. By prayer we cast all our care upon Him who careth for us. I had a splendid sleep. Rati Bhan took a letter from me in Hindi for the Raja. This Gopal Singh Kutial was to take up to the Raja and intercede for us, which he kindly did.

June 22. Had a good time with God's word. "Christ in the presence of God for us." If He is for us interceding who can be against us? Had breakfast of "dal bhat" and fried venison and

cocoa. We then all assembled for prayers. How real and earnest our petitions were. I already had the assurance that we would "win out." Sure enough, while we were praying, Rati Ban and new Chowkidars returned bearing a line in Tibetan from the Jongpen—the essential of which was "shok" (come). He stipulated that we are to have access to all the adjacent villages, but not to go on up to Kailas or Manasorawar Lake. Nor had I any desire for this. I was in Tibet not to see but to do this time, and my work was before me.

Arrived at Taklakot in the afternoon. Am pitched in a stone enclosure belonging to a Bhotiya who is coming later. Our people are pitched in other enclosures. That evening we had a call from a well-to-do dear old blind man and his wife. He was formerly a servant of the Jongpen (Raja). He is a great talker, but very polite as all well-bred Tibetans are.

June 23. I visited this blind man's house to see if it were suitable to keep him after the operation. Half the house was hewed out from the mountain and half built outside. The room I saw opened up onto the roof and sun and light came freely in. The side of the room could be screened off. The cooking place was in a separate room. I decided that it was safe to operate on him in his own house. A tent would be too glaring and windy in Tibet.

The next day I went prepared to operate, but I ran against a superstitious snag. He said he had sent that very day to consult a famous lama, and

he must wait for his answer. I then in the afternoon was led off to another case a mile away. This was also in a cliff house, like a dove's nest. Here was another fat old man, formerly very well-to-do. They gave us tea, etc.—tea churned with salt, melted butter, etc., and then poured into a baked mud teapot and brought in on coals. This is drunk with parched grain ground (satu).

I performed on his eye, my first operation in Tibet. Bhundan prayed in Tibetan. My cook boy of steady nerve and hand held the steadying forceps. This patient's name was Nyngal Cohhiring.

Later in the day had a visit from the Jongpen's headman. I hear the Jongpen is a chronic invalid. Cannot rise without the assistance of two men. This headman was very reserved and I had hard work to interest him. Gave him some gifts I had brought for the Raja, viz., a tin of Lipton's best tea, a small clock (he had never seen one), and a good typed Tibetan Testament, which he began to read. While he was present a big dust storm swept over us. The mornings in Tibet are charming, the air is clear, the mountains are like velvet draperies of different shades, even the glittering snows are draped.

The white-washed villages, standing surrounded by the green fields, look charming from a distance. At this season of the year Tibet might well be called golden, glorious Tibet! The inhabitants love their country and well they may. This evening I saw a banghara (wild horse) for the first time. He was most beautifully formed. The rich

Tibetan owning it gave it sweets, etc., from his own hands to tame it. Many curious Tibetans, little and big, swarm about my tent. Bhundan and I talk with them, give and sell Scripture portions and sing from a Tibetan song book. At meal times it is hard to be stared at. Then I try to persuade them to pass on, but often ineffectually. Lord, give me patience!

It has begun to rain. Maybe I will have a little respite from visitors! God will shut me in when I get over tired.

June 25. Operated on this case and later upon the old woman in the cave. Lebsong Tempa and his faithful little wife have no children of their own, but they have adopted a little girl, Zangmo (which means literally "good girl"). I persuaded this little girl to wash her face that I might see how she looked when she was clean! Lebzong's wife loaded us up with rice (very expensive in Tibet), Chinese tea, a pound of yak butter, satu, and a bottle of milk.

Some of the rice I gave to the old woman in the cave. She has a widowed daughter who looks after her. All the cases seem doing well so far.

I had a visit today from a Tibetan Rani whose husband passed through Dharchula several years ago. This Rani was very elaborately dressed and bejeweled. She seemed a little coarse and vulgar, slapping her men-servants about. She perhaps was under the influence of liquor. She said she knew the Dalai Lama, that they were of the same village. I had a picture of him, taken in Dhar-

jiling, in the Times of India. This I showed her and she took it away. She said it did not look like him. (Later, on another day, I returned her visit and wanted to get a snapshot of her, but she refused me).

June 30. Today a half blind beggar led us over hill and dale to his shepherd's cave, where with others he was living. The day before I had him cut off his mantled locks and wash his head with carbolic soap, etc. It was a beautiful ride back and forth, though much farther than we had expected.

The people gave us buttermilk to drink. I operated on him without cocaine, for I had forgotten it. He said he could see after the operation. This was the only case, except a recent one on the Biyas side, that I did not visit more than once.

July 1. Another case was that of a noble looking lama, who came in from his ascetic cave to be operated on at his wealthy brother's home. He was a tall, striking looking man, in the prime of life. He seemed much looked up to by all, and his word was law with his brother. He wanted to have his brother give me a horse in place of the one that was lost coming up, but I told him my colleague was in America and I didn't need two horses, neither did I like to take so valuable a present.

At a later visit Bhundan and I were decorated with scarfs (called "Khatas"). This is a peculiar Tibetan custom. Other patients also gave us

scarfs. It is a decoration of honor, though the scarfs are not intrinsically valuable.

With all our cases we explained that we believed in Jesus Christ and performed the operation in His name and for His sake. Bhundan usually prayed beforehand in Tibetan.

One afternoon we visited the ruling raja in his fort-like home. He gave us churned Tibetan tea, and talked with us through a Bhotiya friend and Bhundan. He said pathetically, "You know what is going on in the world. Papers and books come to you. We know nothing."

He gave us permission to visit the Gomba (lamasery) where over 100 lamas live. Some were mere boys studying in school. We were shown the assembly room, quite a cathedral-like room; lit by a sky opening; out of this hall was the shrine of several gods, great images covered with gold. A peculiar feature of lamaism is that of revolution, turning of prayer wheels, walking around shrines, etc. Here was a shrine around which they walked.

Our Bhotiya friend also performed the rite. We told the lamas that God wished for us new hearts, not empty works. Pilgrims walk around Lake Mansarowar and Kailas mountain and think they have acquired great merit. Our Bhotiyas after the funeral of their friends take a little piece of the bone of the dead which has served in the funeral exercises and throw it into the lake. This is considered a very holy lake and the heaven of the Bhotiyas. There are many gombas in this

region, and the Bhotiyas make presents to them in the name of the dead. This year I have seen two beautiful horses richly caparisoned being taken up to Kailas as an offering. The Bhotiyas have an idea, like the Chinese, that these offerings serve the dead. They offer food to them also.

We gave the magic lantern twice in Taklakot, the audience being mostly Tibetans. Bhundan was a great help and others also helped in speaking Tibetan. There were many lamas present. There was a great demand for Tibetan Scripture portions, and we were soon run out.

We were delighted to renew our acquaintance with two poor Christian Tibetan families, who were our patients last year. After recovery they were baptized and soon afterwards went off together up to Tibet to look after their things there. On our coming into Taklakot both families were so glad to see us. One of the men, Samvil by name, an elderly man who had been operated on for cataract, ate with us and brought his two interesting children to us. The other young man, Sunam, was fearful lest his intercourse with the Bhotiyas and Tibetans should be interrupted. He was shy of eating with us, though his wife came. Sunam is a tailor by trade.

Well, these are problems, but somehow Tibet seems warmer and more homelike to us because of these Christian families (however imperfect) living there. They both expect to come down in the fall. Pray for them. We also have in Chaudas a Christian Tibetan brother who is slightly para-

lyzed. He reads Tibetan and cons his Testament most of the time. When I am home he helps me teach the Tibetan reading class. We cannot put our Tibetan Christians "under a bushel." They are used to travelling and trading and I think it best to let them go on as they have been accustomed, as far as earning their living is concerned.

July 4. Today visited our noble lama again. Had milk and food with them. Had to sit for hours for food and presents. We prayed with the lama at his request, and went away loaded with rice, butter, satu, ground peas, etc. He also insisted on giving a contribution towards a new horse.

Today the coolie I had sent over the Pass returned, after four days with home mail, medicine etc. It's good to get letters in a strange land, though Tibet no longer seems strange to me.

July 9. We started on our return journey, this time over the Tinkar Pass into Nepal. I have learned officially that the Lipu Pass is 16,800 feet high, the Tinkar nearly 18,000 feet high. We had most of our loads on animals. Climbing the pass, we had a near view of a symmetrical peak of dazzling whiteness, the snow lying in long graceful draperies. At the summit of the pass it was so steep and icy that Marquis had to throw down his shawl and help drag me up. The plucky pony and other animals got over with difficulty. This was on July 10th.

On the Indian side, especially in Nepaul, there

are beautiful greensward, evergreen and pine trees, but there is much more rain over there.

We worked in the large Bhotiyan villages of Tinkar and Chhaugru, giving the magic lantern in both. Now we are working down towards home, but the road is very bad, they say. But our trust is in God.

Martha A. Sheldon.

In November Dr. Sheldon came down to Pithoragarh for the Quarterly Conference. She returned to Dharchula and left again for a visit, her last to the plains, Dec. 20.

After Annual Conference and hurried visits to many on the plains, when about to begin the long journey up over the mountains again, she wrote at Haldwani,

Feb. 5, 1911. "Blessed Jesus, who only hath immortality, may I be immortal in Thee and see Thee and love Thee. Anoint me."

Twenty days were spent on the way.

Feb. 5. "Dharchula. Arrived here at 4 p. m."

Feb. 26. "Over 40 Christians at church this evening."

During March, April and May, Dharchula was favored with visits from officials and others, among the latter were the members of an independent mission from Berenag, on one of the routes to Almora. All the Christians united and some good meetings were held.

The man in charge of the Government Weaving School at Almora spent some time at Dhar-

chula and from Dr. Sheldon purchased two looms.

In June three missionaries, ladies from the plains, visited Dr. Sheldon at Chaudas.

Aug. 2. "A trying day, yet God fed me from His storehouse of wine and milk without price."

Again during the summer the higher villages and Tibet were visited. This time the trip extended as far as Lake Mansarowar. In a letter written for circulation among friends brief mention is made of this interesting journey, the last that Dr. Sheldon was to take into Tibet.

"Thou are the God of my Salvation, on Thee do I wait all the day." Psa. 25:5.

My dear friends:

These are beautiful days for mountain travel; blue cloudless skies, green trees, and glossy plain-tain leaves glistening in the sun, suggest the glory of the New Heavens and the New Earth which Christ is to create. "Behold, I make all things new." Rev. 21:1-5.

This year I have been specially blessed in thoughts of Christ's second coming. He is indeed preparing a bride for Himself. God help us to love His appearing and may that day not come upon us as a snare. Luke 21:35.

This year I was again led to go into Tibet as far as Lake Mansarowar. Taklakot, Tibet, is the trading post nearest us. It is the headquarters of the Jongpen and his family, and of a large monastery for Bhuddist monks.

It has been asked how I, a European, am permitted to enter Tibet. Of course I go over entirely at my own risk as a private individual. I think the fact that I am not in any way connected with Government, and do not receive a stated salary from any source, help some. Also my long residence in Bhot, and acquaintance with the people as a doctor, help allay suspicion. Anyway I have been most cordially received both by Bhotiyas and Tibetans, especially to perform cataract operations.

The Jongpen intimated that it would be well for me to do some trading in Tibet so I gladly purchased some of the beautiful Tibetan wool for which Tibet is noted. We have now two large improved Salvation Army looms, one in Chaudas and one in Dharchula. These weave both woollen and cotton fabrics for our large family. Christians do the spinning and weaving.

I visited the monastery in Takalakot. The old lamas had, in general, drowned out their spiritual aspirations by a life of laziness and routing. The younger ones, many mere boys, seemed alert and desirous to learn new things. It was a joy to talk and sing with them and tell them of the Lord Jesus Christ and His coming Kingdom. No doubt Tibet is feeling the impetus of the new stir which, for better or for worse, is throbbing throughout the world just now. Now is the time for us to push the battle. "On some have mercy, who are in doubt; and some save, snatching them out of the fire; and on some have mercy with fear;

hating even the garment spotted by the flesh." (Jude 1:22, 23.)

We have about one hundred Christians in Bhot, counting the workers and their families.

We move up and down, as do the Bhotiyas and their families. There is a call for school dormitories both in Chaudas and Dharchula, and for improved industries. This year we left Christians at Jyonte—half way down between Chaudas and Khela. Here we have some land, near a fine water power, a large mountain torrent. Here a turning lathe, (for wooden bowls, etc.) a circular saw (for sawing out boards, etc.) and mills for grinding grain, could well be established throughout the year. Bhot has a large floating population. It, with Tibet, is the tramping place and trading place of nations. From among these we have most of our Christians. Hence the necessity for industrial and training schools, that the wealth of children by whom we are surrounded may be utilized for God and the future of His dawning Kingdom. I paraphrased my "N. T. in Modern Speech." Matt. 4:15, "The road by the Lake (Mansarowar); the country beyond the Jordan (Nepal); Galilee (the trading place) of the nations! (Takalkot) the people who were dwelling in darkness have seen a brilliant Light." Not in us, alas as yet, but we are preaching Christ's name and salvation through His name. He will win out, and we with Him!

I desire to append a list of gifts received last year up to the end of Dec., 1911. In addition to

these, Dr. Wynkoop of the British and Foreign Bible Society is supporting a useful colporteur in Bhot, who takes trips into Tibet and Nepal in company with other Christians, often with our compounder, his brother-in-law.

The Parent Society of the M. E. Church supports our preacher, Rev. Khwilia Wilkinson, and his efficient wife. The rest of the work (including all salaries) is supported by voluntary gifts, with the exception of a yearly grant of Rupees 351 (\$117) from the W. F. M. S. of America on medical and itinerating work.

The school work, farming, weaving, building, and working of two Homes, one in Dharchula and one in Chaudas, are general, all carried on by Christians. On Sundays and holidays the evangelistic work is pressed in various places and directions. The carpenter, the blacksmith, the farmers, the servants, the lame and the blind are eager to give the message or to sing it.

Pray for Bhot, Tibet and Nepal within all whose borders we work or make incursions.

I desire herewith to express my deep and heartfelt thanks for the following gifts to myself and work:

	RS.	a.
E. Victor Brown, Esq.....	360	00
Mrs. Victor Browne.....	240	00
Miss E. Browne	341	00
J. R. Browne, Esq.....	20	00
Geo. Bickley, Esq.....	15	00
Wm. E. Blackstone, Esq.....	100	00
Mrs. Johnston, Eng.....	150	00
Miss H. Barnard.....	92	1
Pomona S. S.....	61	7
Miss A. J. Ford.....	30	00

	RS.	a.
Lal. Bagh S. S.....	20	00
Miss L. S. Wright.....	30	00
Moradabad Auxiliary.....	20	00
“ “	25	00
N. W. I. Auxiliaries.....	59	11
Budaun Auxiliary	14	00
Sitapur School	16	00
“ Woman's	10	00
Bijnor Auxiliary	9	8
Pauri “	30	00
Bareilly Orphanage	35	00
Miss C. Easton	17	00
Budaun	22	00
Pithoragarh	16	00
Naini Tal	12	00
Naini Tal	25	00
Hardoi	20	00
Gonda	15	00
Shahjahanpore	14	2
Miss Read, for teacher	180	00
Miss Read, for Shamiana.....	25	00
Miss Reed's gift.....	5	00
Miss Sullivan for Dhani Ram.....	60	00
For Matron	48	00
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair, Mr. and Mrs. Ro- mick, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sheldon, Miss Augusta Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. Pitts, Dr. Lin. Stevens.....	601	13
Birthday gifts	195	12
Mrs. S. E. Hanson (teacher).....	91	12
Friends in Excelsior (Hos.).....	61	00
Mrs. Gould and family.....	61	5
Mr. and Mrs. Rockey.....	30	00
Gantzer Sisters	30	00
Mrs. David Day.....	61	4
Muttra Ladies.....	45	00
Mr. and Mrs. Hewes.....	95	00
Miss A. J. Bennett.....	15	4
Dr. and Mrs. Dease.....	45	00
Miss Nettie Sawyer.....	30	10
James Johnston (Scotland).....	100	00
Miss Fiatler (Compounder).....	10	00
Dr. Diemar	30	10

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Surely the Lord has dealt bountifully with us. May we keep our lamps burning for Him "who walks to and fro among the seven lampstands of gold."

"Light obeyed, increaseth light,
Light resisted, bringeth night."

Your affectionate sister,

Nil desperandum! MARTHA A. SHELDON.

She returned to Chaudas, Sept. 22, three days before Miss Browne, who had been away on furlough in America and England, arrived.

The month of October was saddened by the death of Thangiel, the boy who had been presented at the Jubilee as the first Tibetan boy baptized in our Mission. He had erred in stealing a bride, following the Bhotiya custom instead of the Christian one, but he had, from the time he returned to Bhot, shown a good spirit. Though educated far above most of the boys in Bhot, he accepted the position of a coolie for some time. Later on at the invitation of some villagers, he opened a school among them and was supported by the people.

When Dr. Sheldon was starting up to Bhot this summer she sent for Thangiel to accompany her, feeling he should be kept in contact with his own people in order that he might eventually become a leader among them. He acted as cook on the journey and also when the party returned to Chaudas. Except in the case of his marriage, it

had never been difficult to control him. He was unusually acceptable with all the different people with whom he came in contact, and, as a boy, was a leader, even among Bhotiyas boys. He was liked by the Bhotiyas as well as the Christians and easily made friends.

He was ill a few days with what seemed to be an attack of Sciatica but on the morning of Oct. 21, Dr. Sheldon was horrified to find one side paralyzed.

"How shocked I was to find Thangiel dying this morning. Sent for his mother."

He was partly conscious and when his mother arrived at mid-day, he recognized her, and raising his well hand, pointed upward. Even in his half conscious state he knew he was going home to Jesus. All were deeply moved and no death seemed to have so affected the Christian community as his did. The Bhotiyas expressed their regret saying, "He was a fine young fellow!" He passed away at 6 P. M. As the coffin was about to be lowered to its resting place the next day, the heart-broken mother partly threw herself on it, crying out "My flower has been taken away from me."

Dr. Sheldon spent part of November at Pithoragarh, visiting her friends there for the last time. At the end of November Miss Browne returned to the plains.

THE LAST YEAR

The winter was full of trouble, sin and waywardness among the Christians, and lack of funds.

Extract from a letter after Watch Night service: "Had a good service, I think. I know I am happy. God and His word were precious to me. I told about the falling of Dagon before the ark in the Philistines temple, and how Satan and his hosts and his idols must fall before the presence of God. All spoke nicely and asked each other's pardon for the sins which our unruly tongues betray us into. Well we are 'prayed up' and I trust forgiven. The carriage creaks a good deal but there is progress. 'Nil desperandum.'"

Mar. 9. "A day of great depression, but Jesus won. I received him for all my need."

Mar. 13. "Great depression, but looking to Jesus. May I be able to bring to the birth my spiritual children."

Mar. 14. "May God work through me the sign of the new birth."

Mar. 15. "League, when we all ought to be on our knees for the power of the Holy Spirit, for the church is rent and buffeted by Satan's legions."

Mar. 25. "Travail of soul, clouds and darkness! But God is working, I will not fear."

April 3. "My heart is broken over my poor sheep."

April 8. "Great depression of spirit. Only God can help us."

April 10. "A day of great depression and darkness. I said I would give my resignation but God strengthened me. I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me. See Abraham's faith. He hoped in God."

April 12. "Days of struggle and dying to self and pharisaism in self and fear of others! Again and again I touch bottom."

April 13. "Tense, but fighting through. The Bhot church is being born; shall I not travail in spirit? But Christ has won out. Christ for Bhot."

April 15. "My God, why hast Thou left me alone? Out of the depths I cried and he heard me. He is my Great God."

April 16. "Tuesday, into Christ's marvellous light. Jesus is my all, my sufficient one, before, behind, at my right hand and on my left, under me as my rock, above me as my canopy. Hallelujah! Enough!"

April 19. "In Khela, resting. Holding on in prayer for Christ's church, which is being born in Bhot, I trust."

April 20. "Sunday, 132 Psalm."

April 21. "In Khela, in depression, but looking unto God. Enjoyed the 132 Psalm. I finally took verse 2 to quiet myself as a 'weaned child.' I will not meddle with matters too high or great for me. God be God with those about me. The Bhot church of Redeemed Sinners is born."

She never acknowledged defeat nor would she see that her earthly tabernacle was dissolving.

June 3. "Pegging away! Fighting with weakness, but God will give me the victory."

July 5. "Swollen feet! So thought they needed exercise. Went to Dokan (shop). Took up five Mango trees to set out for Christian families in Dharchula. Set out in children's names."

This summer, much against the advice of friends, she stayed down in the hot Dharchula valley instead of up at Chaudas, the summer home.

July 16. "I am pretty thin but know that God lives and reigns. His Hand is above all."

Three falls from her horse are recorded though, from the brief mention in the diaries, no one would guess how serious they really were, nor how great was the suffering involved. In writing home only one fall was referred to in a very casual way.

July 17. "One fall."

July 24. "Bad fall from shying horse."

Aug. 5. "Went to Dokan (shop). Taught, etc. Horse threw me at water fountain. Fell backward plump from saddle. A wasp stung the horse, but God kept me. I was able to get up myself and mount the horse. It is the Lord's treatment of my Beri, Beri, for that is what ails me."

Very serious internal injury was the result of this fall, which certainly helped to hasten her end.

Her sufferings must have been excruciating but very little mention is made of them in her letters or her diaries. They could not keep her from witnessing for the Master she loved.

When no longer able to ride she submitted to being carried out to the villages in a dandy (sedan chair.)

"Today went in dandy to dakan (shop). Taken by Jumals (coolies of Juma village). My first dandy ride in Bhot."

Always interested in farming, she ordered up, from the plains, a large supply of fruit trees, such fruit as was not to be had so far away in the mountains. Because of the hot climate it is impossible to grow all the plains fruits at Dharchula, but the villagers would never think of having fruit trees brought up from so great a distance. Dr. Sheldon introduced many that were either foreign to the place or an improvement on those already grown there."

Aug. 14. "Tree Party." Sent word to all the Pradhans (headmen), Nepali Lieutenant and Dukanders (shopkeepers), to come for trees and bring grain with them. Distributed a good many."

Aug. 15. "Last year Tibet. This year finds me in Dharchula. Happy! The joy of the Lord is my strength."

Aug. 21. "Scattering trees from my Tree Bureau. All over Dharchula and villages."

It was evident to others that her days were numbered, but she could not see it. She continued

to make plans for the work as if she had many years to live. She taught and preached in the villages and at the house till within a day or two of her death.

Sept. 27. "I am not very well and am tied to the veranda a good deal. Something like lead poisoning. I have no doubt it is Beri-beri, from eating uncured rice, etc., but I am getting better. I teach and write, etc.

"This is one of the reasons I remained in Dharchula this summer. Dhani Ram and his wife's village people are coming to me for work and instruction. I can't keep them away! But they carry me in my dandy and dig in my garden, set out trees, make roads, etc., and I make them learn the alphabet."

Oct. 4th. "Strange to say, a lot of Dhani Ram's village people insist on coming to me for work and to be taught, mostly poor children, without one or both parents. In my temporary (I trust) confinement to the veranda from illness which, however, does not interfere with much but locomotion, I teach and preach from wall and table, and all the world waits on me!

"It is now Epworth League time and I must stop. My boys have gone to the spring to wash up, monkeys, I call them, yet manly fellows. I am teaching what they can't get in their villages, Roman Urdu, English, and principles of Geography, etc., and I have them attend our meetings. I lord it over them a great deal to teach them

cleanliness and alacrity. (These are non-Christians.)

"The boys are swinging in the swing. They are studying from the Berean Lesson leaves. What lovely pictures this year! They help me to bear my confinement.

"Now the coast is clear and I must go to bed. I really enjoy the long nights on the veranda."

This is an extract from her last home letter: From her diary, Oct. 7: "I visited at Dokan (shop) today in my new Dandy! Mushkil se" (with difficulty.)

Oct. 8. A Christian woman and her two little children came up from Dharchula. "What should I give them to eat? At last made a stew of macaroni and potatoes." There is a note of an account with two coolies who had brought in loads from Almora.

Oct. 9. "No money, debts accruing." These seem to have been the last words she penned. Early, on the morning of the 10th she was called home. She had told her servants on the morning of the 9th she was tired and would take a rest in bed. In the afternoon she called for the children to play in the yard in front of her. In the evening she was feverish and restless, but interpreting the anxious looks of the watchers, she assured them again and again she was not going to die. She would be better by morning and would be ready for her breakfast.

Note by Mr. Hewes, Supt. of the District, who was in Dharchula a few days after:

“Dr. Sheldon died lying on her bed in the doorway of her house, just as the sun’s rays reached her veranda, as the sun rose over the mountain on Oct. 10th, 1912.

“Her bed was partly on the veranda and partly in the front room on the side toward Nepaul.”

Article by Miss Reed, who arrived at Dharchula October 14th:

A LONELY GRAVE ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE IN BHOT.

I left Chandag on Tuesday, Oct. 8th, hoping to spend the following Sabbath with dear Dr. Sheldon in Dharchula. Her letters had been so full of future plans for her work that she wished to talk over with me, and emphatic assurances that she was getting better, that it was a great shock to hear, on Friday morning, at Askote, that she had passed away the day before.

I felt it my duty to finish the journey for the sake of the bereaved Native Christians.

I arrived at Dharchula on Saturday morning, and remained till Tuesday, and my great grief that after all, my dear friend had died alone was considerably abated by the accounts I received from those who cared for her so tenderly.

I believe that her heart's desire was granted to her. She always said she wished to die and be buried in Bhot, and she would be quite satisfied if she had Native Christians with her at the last. She had lived so long with them and for them that they had become more to her than her kith and kin, and partly because she would not allow herself to believe that her work on earth was finished, and although we had heard from others of her illness, she persistently assured Mr. and Mrs. Hewes and myself that there was no need for us to hurry up.

Her lame and blind devoted Christian servant, Dhani Ram, and his really noble wife, with Marquis, her cook, and his young wife, cared tenderly for all her needs.

They told me that on Monday she had herself placed in a dandy and carried to a village to preach and to teach. Her voice had become so weak that she spoke in almost a whisper, but even thus it was joy to her to give the Message.

Tuesday she stayed at home and wrote some letters. Wednesday she felt very weary, but in the afternoon called for the children of the servants to come and play in the yard in front of her. In the evening fever came on, but she assured them all it was nothing, and she would be up in the morning. She was, however, so restless that for the first time her faithful attendants kept watch through the night, and towards morning, when she became quite unconscious they knew the end was near. In the Dharchula plain at the

foot of the hill where the Mission-house is built, there are three Christian families, one of the men being an old servant of Dr. Sheldon's, and another a trained compounder.

These men arrived before she died and helped with all the last loving service that could be rendered by anyone.

Strangely enough, a high-caste Brahmin, the active officer, at whose house Miss Sheldon had been a constant visitor, and had almost won him over to the Lord's side, joined these simple Christians in making her coffin, having her grave dug, and actually put his shoulder to the bier. The women found a pretty white dress in one of her boxes, and this, with wreaths of flowers with which they decorated her coffin, was as much as anyone could have done.

The Compounder, who is an Exhorter, read the Burial Service and laid away the worn-out body of this brave soldier of the Cross on the side of the hill above the house where she had worked and suffered for the last eighteen years. Her love for her work was a passion. She had no wish to die and be at rest; and to the very last she took every possible opportunity of teaching, and preaching to any man, woman or child with whom she came in contact. She did not know the meaning of the word fear or faint. Indomitable courage and persistent endeavor were the key notes to her long noble service.

While we feel that a brave woman has fallen at her post, and that it will be very difficult to

supply her place, yet we are thankful to know that her sufferings, both mental and physical are at an end, and that the Heavenly Father Himself has given her the rest which she did not crave, but so sorely needed.

May He, in answer to her intense longing and untiring prayers, call some other child of His to shepherd the little flock she left behind and to enter the door that she was the means of opening into Tibet and the regions beyond.

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Sheldon, Martha A.

The life of Dr. Martha A. Sheldon, missionary to Bhot, India; [compiled from her letters and journal] by Eva C.M. Browne. [n.p., 1917] 115p. port. 20cm.

1. Sheldon, Martha A. I. Browne, Eva C.M.

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